





ABOUT THE AUTHOR

His three and a half years spent as a United States Army Chaplain in World War II equipped Prince Alvah Eades to write **THEY DID NOT MARCH ALONE**. The present book-length material was culled from the diary he assiduously kept during his busy days in the service.

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The holder of many important offices in his Conference, Mr. Eades is at present Secretary and Treasurer of the Conference Board of Pensions and the Holston Conference Brotherhood.

Mr. Eades has published *What It Means to Join The Church* and *The Holston Story* (1952), a brochure written in collaboration with Dr. C. E. Lundy and Dr. D. Trigg James.

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They Did Not March Alone

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PRINCE ALVAH EADES



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To Mary Mae Belle, my wife
this book is affectionately dedicated

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FOREWORD

A few weeks following the enactment of the Selective Service Act by the American Congress, *The Christian Advocate* (official publication of The Methodist Church) assigned Dr. Clarence W. Hall, its magazine editor, to the task of studying the question of moral conditions surrounding army camps. In a trip that took him through nearly twenty states, and in the course of which he interviewed literally hundreds of individuals, he gathered the material for a series of articles which attracted national attention.

At the request of the War Department in Washington a bundle of one hundred copies of each issue of the paper containing one of Dr. Hall's articles was forwarded for distribution among high ranking officers.

Shortly thereafter a conference was held for the purpose of determining precisely what the functions of the chaplain should be, and in that conference free use was made of the facts and findings which Dr. Hall had presented to his readers. As a result of the deliberations of the highest military authorities of the United States, it was agreed that the chaplain should be regarded as a "spiritual officer," and that he should be relieved of all duties which might interfere with the performance of a religious ministry to his men.

As a result of that decision the American army chaplain achieved a standing accorded him in no other army in the world. The services he rendered were unique. As proof of the fact that his was no bomb-proof job, the long list of chaplains who were wounded in action can be cited. But as proof of the value of the practical ministry he offered one need only consult the next GI he meets. The Sunday services were important, of course, and the inspiration provided by reverent worship was the heart and core of the chaplain's ministry, just as it is

in the case of the pastor of a church. But for twenty-four hours every day, seven days a week, the chaplain was on call and was serving his men.

In this story of the day by day routine of the American chaplain's service, the author has taken us behind the scenes to allow us to get a glimpse of his own heart, as well as the hearts of troubled men who came to him for counsel. It is a revealing document, and one which fathers and mothers will read with gratitude. It is not only a revelation of the service the Church has rendered to men in uniform, but it is also a revelation of the concern the United States Government has for the men who wear its uniform.

Roy L. Smith

They Did Not March Alone

CHAPTER ONE

I Become a Chaplain

Another beautiful Sabbath Day had dawned, another opportunity the Chaplain had to look into the faces of his khaki-clad audience. A few short weeks ago, these men were in civilian clothes; now they were all dressed alike. They sat in the pews of an Army Chapel with upturned faces, seriously studying the Chaplain as he came through the door from his office and took his place behind the pulpit.

Men from California, Rhode Island, West Virginia, Tennessee and Texas, from the mountains and the prairies, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; from every stratum of society—the farm, the miner's cabin, the palatial mansion on the flower-decked boulevard. Some were very young, this being their first trip away from home, some were older, many of them veterans of the last war, but all Americans, with but one purpose, and that to man the battlefronts, and if need be, die that their nation might live.

It was almost time for Church Call, heard each Sunday morning thirty minutes before time for Chapel services. The Chaplain, busy at his desk, made final preparations for the first service of the day. He looked up from his open Bible, and

standing in front of him was a soldier at attention, his right hand raised in salute.

"Good morning," the Chaplain said, as he returned the salute of the nineteen-year-old lad. The Chaplain saw a crumpled telegram in the soldier's hand and tears well up in the soldier's eyes. "Have a seat, my boy," he said in his kindly voice.

It was some minutes before the young soldier could speak; he was trying to be brave, but that telegram brought him the sad news that his mother had just passed on.

Immediately the Chaplain went into action. He called the Red Cross and had them verify the telegram, and made arrangements for the money for travel expenses of the soldier. While the Red Cross sent a telegram back to the Chapter in the soldier's home town, the Chaplain called the railroad and bus stations to ascertain the quickest way to get him home; oftentimes it was necessary to get a priority for travel by plane. The Field Director of the Red Cross called that the telegram had been verified, stating that the soldier's mother died at 4:30 that morning. Again the Chaplain reached for his telephone; this time he called the Company Commander and asked for an emergency furlough. Next he saw that the soldier had transportation from the camp to the bus station or depot, then shook hands with him, extending his sympathy; then the two men in uniform, the enlisted man and the Chaplain stood for a short prayer, asking God to give the young soldier traveling mercies and to bless him and the bereaved loved ones back at home.

With a "Thank you, and God bless you, Chaplain," the soldier started on the long journey back home—the home now shrouded in mourning like the encircling gloom.

The Chaplain looked at his watch, the one given to him as a Christmas present a few years ago by a lovely couple back in his Church. It was now three minutes before the

first Protestant service was to begin. Already the beautiful chapel was almost filled; the men had quietly walked in and taken their seats. Most of them were kneeling in silent meditation. There was not a sound, which was typical of a soldier audience. A quietness and holy awe seemed to permeate the atmosphere.

"What type of sermons do you preach in the Army?" was a question so often asked by our civilian friends. We preached from the same Bible we always have. We told the soldiers about the same Christ, and His power to redeem men, as they had heard in their homes and in their own churches. One policy that we adopted at our first service in the Army was not to preach on war. The soldier had six days of training, and we tried to make the seventh one a day of worship. Our services were planned with the purpose of making the divine worship a little oasis where the men could get away from the toils of the week, and worship their God. We received many letters from parents expressing their appreciation for the type of service we provided for their sons. We often referred in our messages to the outstanding heroes of this war, men who by their deeds and exploits and their Christian examples gave to the world a glowing testimony of what it was to walk humbly with their God, men of whom the world was not worthy.

One had to preach only a few times to a soldier audience to realize that these men were not interested in fine-spun theories. They were not interested in book reviews, or in a digest of the best literature. They were not in the least interested in anybody's opinions. They did not have time or patience to listen to a dissertation on the values to be found in Modernism or Fundamentalism. These men were serious; they would soon be moving out to the front lines, to face the hell of war with all its horrors. They wanted their Chaplains to tell them about God, a God who loved them and would go with

them to cheer them in their lonely hours. They knew that they must leave home, loved ones and friends, but that God could and would accompany them all the way, even unto death. We often said to them, "God is going your way, why not take Him with you?"

The Army was one place where there was no hypocrisy. Here men, God's men, met face to face on a common level. Men in the armed forces did not pretend to be one type of character when they really were another. Here religion was stripped of the nonessentials and we got down to basic principles. When men are facing death—many of them would be wounded and left to die alone—they must have a religion that has reality. Nothing less than this would suffice in such an hour. The Chaplain's only job was to minister this religion to the members of the armed forces.

Chapel services in the Army were well attended. We found it necessary in a number of camps to hold two Protestant services on Sunday morning. The Catholic Chaplains, under a special dispensation from their Church, were permitted to hold three Masses on Sunday. The men, Protestants, Catholics, and Jews came to their respective services in ever increasing numbers.

A number of soldiers told their Chaplains that they rarely ever attended services in the Churches back home, and often we had asked them "why." Invariably their answers ran something like this: "I don't know, but I just lost interest in the Church. It seemed to be more interested in garnering dollars and making special drives than it did in my soul. The Church seems to be 'programed' to death. They lose sight of the individual, and he is more or less made to feel that he does not amount to much after all."

The writer knew that there are many duties that devolve upon the minister of today, but when these men would come back—many of them would not—the Church had to be ready

for them, ready with a program that would be individually centered. The Church exists for only one purpose and that is to be a soul-saving station where the lost can find God. The Church must never lose sight of its great mission in the world to proclaim a Saviour, who is Jesus Christ, the world's only hope. We must preach a Gospel that is positive: all question marks must be left out of the pulpit. If we cannot bring a message out of the experience of our own hearts, then we must re-examine our own religious experience. We must build our whole religious program around the theme, "Thus saith the Lord." The ministers and religious leaders of tomorrow will find themselves with very little influence over their congregations and audiences unless they have a vital religious experience. The Church must change its technique, but never those fundamentals that have made it the one institution that "towers o'er the wrecks of time."

I began my career in the Army as a Chaplain on January 4, 1942, less than one month after Pearl Harbor. It was a Sunday morning, cold and snowy. I was in Princeton, West Virginia, having been called there because of my mother's serious illness. She was a patient in a local hospital.

I had gone up the street to get a morning paper, when my sister informed me that Western Union had called saying they had a message for me from the War Department. I knew what that meant. Less than a month before when the lights of civilization had gone out all over the world most of us had said to ourselves: "This is it." It meant that many of us would leave our homes and loved ones to march away to war. We were anxiously awaiting the call to service from our Commander-in-chief.

In the hospital that Sunday morning, I placed a kiss upon my mother's fevered brow and said to her: "I must be going now."

Out in the corridors of the hospital, I told my father and

other members of the family that I had held a commission in the Reserve Corps of the Army as a Chaplain since July 11, 1934, and that my call to active duty had now come.

I immediately left the mountains of West Virginia on my way back to Chattanooga, Tennessee, where I was a pastor. En route I stopped in Bristol where I had held a charge. I preached in my former church that evening and spent the night with friends there.

Once in Chattanooga, I was busy making plans to sever my relationship with the Forrest Avenue Methodist Church, where I had been pastor for a little more than two years—one of the happiest periods of my life. The members of my church regretted to hear of our leaving them, but rejoiced in the fact that they could share their pastor with the young men who were going forth that America might live.

I am convinced that we did not have an enemy in the church, and that the entire congregation loved us. We shall always treasure the happy memories of those fine people.

On January 11th I preached morning and evening and officially notified the church of my call to the chaplaincy. My orders had come directing me to proceed on January 20, 1942, from my residence to Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Little Rock, Arkansas.

On Sunday, January 18, 1942, large congregations gathered at the Church for both morning and evening services to hear our farewell messages.

That afternoon my family and I were honored by the presence of the membership of the Church who came to bid us farewell. We were presented with a beautiful piece of luggage which we shall treasure to the end of our days.

Excerpts from a farewell message by Mr. R. L. Tillman, delivered on behalf of the church, will linger in our memory:

“While we cannot enumerate each achievement during their ministry, we can joyfully recall the manifold changes

along every front. We can point with pardonable pride to the fact that whereas we were a church encircled with thickening shadows of dismay, we are now a church which is as a light set upon a hill and have taken our rightful place among the leading churches of the city.

"We can remember their love, and love each other more. We can remember their devotion to Christ and be ourselves more devoted to Him. We can remember their initiative and leadership and best ourselves to great action. We can remember their compassion for the sick and downtrodden and let the milk of human kindness flow from our own lives and hearts. Truly they have left their footprints upon our sands and we shall follow them as they lead upward.

"If I may assume to speak for those whom we honor today, it is their wish that the tear drops in our hearts at having to give them up may sparkle as diamond dewdrops of willing helpers before the face of Him who comes to carry the torch of service which they have each so ably held aloft, and that each of us may give their successors an increased devotion made sweeter by the happy memories of our Christian associations and labors in our Lord's vineyard with the Eades."

Monday night was to be our last in our parsonage home. We were invited for breakfast on Tuesday morning to the home of one of the members of the Church. At nine o'clock we took our departure from Chattanooga and arrived at our destination the same day—a very beautiful drive. Most of it was new country to us.

We stopped at a hotel for the night. The next morning was given to search for living quarters for my family. A discouraging task it proved, and slightly mindful of the plight of homeless refugees. At last we called at the First Methodist Church and met the kind pastor who received us cordially.

CHAPTER TWO

My Introduction to Army Life

At eleven o'clock on the morning of January 21, 1942, we reported to Camp Headquarters and met the Post Chaplain who was kind enough to show us where to go.

I went from place to place, office to office, and signed my name to scores of papers. Even yet, I sometimes wonder what I did sign! In the midst of all this, I lost my fountain pen but, all in all, I had a good time, enjoying many strange experiences. Everyone was kind and understood that I was a rookie. At one office into which I went, the officer looked up from his desk and said to another Chaplain who was signing in ahead of me: "What is your denomination?" Then he looked at me. After asking my rank, serial number, name, etc., he said: "What is your denomination?" I told him. His reply had no place on a printed form.

After I had finished writing the answers to all the questions, including the sixty-four dollar one, I came to attention and saluted him, and said something like this: "Sir, I am here for service, and will welcome at any time any suggestions or

criticisms that you may have." He looked at me as though he were thoroughly disgusted and replied, "Don't worry, you'll get it." To which I replied, "Sir, I can take it." I saw a smile creeping over his face and I felt much better. I knew then that I would get along.

My associations with this officer and with all the officers in the Army had been very pleasant, and never had the least discourtesy been shown me by anyone in the Army.

Here every man was taken at face value. We looked alike and we were all given an equal chance. If we had the makings of a good soldier and applied ourselves to the job, we got along fine.

I was excused from the Post that afternoon until nine o'clock the next morning. Not very long in which to find a place for my family to live. We drove out into the residential section and began ringing doorbells. The first question asked by those who had a place to rent was always: "Do you have any children?" When we answered: "Yes, one son," they would almost slam the door in our faces and say: "No, we don't rent to people with children." Our little son said, "Daddy, if it were not for me, you could find a place to live." That cut to the very heart. I said to one landlord: "What do you suggest Army officers do with their children? . . . Do you think we ought to drown them, or do you have a cemetery here where we can leave them?"

I had the utmost sympathy for Army people trying to find a place for their families to live in, while they went and fought to protect the homes of America. Sounds rather ironical, doesn't it? Well, we finally found a place, but it was unsuitable. Then by a stroke of luck, or shall I say an answer from God, Who I believe was interested in my finding a place for my family, we were told that a retired Methodist minister had some rooms to rent. We went there and he and his fine wife took us in. How grateful we shall always be to

them for their kindness, and how we enjoyed our stay in their home.

The next day I spent becoming acquainted with the work of an Army Chaplain. I was assigned to one of the Regiments as the Regimental Chaplain. Three Chaplain's assistants reported during the day. These three stayed with me the entire time I was in this camp, and they were invaluable to me in my work there.

My Commanding Officer, a fine gentleman, had the misfortune to lose his wife. She had been buried the day before I reported for duty in the Regiment. He was on a fourteen days' leave. I asked the Acting Regimental Commander about the work. He said to me: "Over there across the street is your chapel. We cannot find the keys and the doors are all locked. I suppose you will have to crawl through a window."

Over I went and did climb through a window! Once inside, I was amazed and pleasantly surprised at the beauty of the chapel. When I entered the Army, I had no way of knowing whether or not a place would be provided for worship.

The chapels, like other army buildings, are built on the same plan. In them, the Government has provided an attractive and peaceful refuge for our soldiers—a place where they can forget the strife and confusion of the world and commune with their God. It was certainly a heartening thing to see the steeples of these "little country churches" rising above the clusters of camp buildings. The chapel was as it should be, the most beautiful building on the post.

It was built with a slanting roof, the peak of which was twenty-nine feet and six inches high, and was equipped with a steeple rising twenty-three feet above the roof. The building proper was ninety-five feet and seven inches long, and thirty-seven feet wide. As you ascended the front steps and

entered the door, you came into a vestibule. Another door led you into the chapel proper. Heavy beams, oak-stained walls, a Cross, the open Bible and flowers on the altar, created a quiet dignity and restful peace. One was impressed with the fact that these chapels were built to accommodate any and all faiths. The pews had kneeling rails that could be pulled back for prayer, according to the custom of the Catholic and Episcopal services. The pulpit could be used either in the center of the platform or at the side. There was also a lectern that could be used at the other side of the platform, as it was done in the liturgical services.

Surrounding the platform there was an altar rail where Holy Communion was generally administered. The altar, at the back of the platform, could be moved into the wall, if so desired. At the rear, which was really the front of the chapel, and in the balcony, the choir loft was placed. Each chapel had an electric organ which produced beautiful music. These chapels had a seating capacity of three hundred and seventy-seven and cost approximately twenty-one thousand five hundred dollars.

In the front of the building as you entered the vestibule, you would find the office of the Senior Chaplain and in the rear of the chapel, on either side of the platform, there were two offices which were used by the assistant Chaplains.

It was in these offices that you could find busy activity, for, during the day, there were many letters to write to parents who were inquiring about their sons; office work to be done, interviews with the men, whose problems the chaplains tried to solve. In their work, the Chaplains had an enlisted man for an assistant; sometimes they were called clerks. Usually there were three Chaplains assigned to a chapel, two Protestants and one Catholic. Also there were normally three Chaplains' assistants. They divided up the work, one handled

all the music, one handled the office routine and one would keep up the hospital lists. They assisted the Chaplains in the total program of the chapel.

The Chaplain's work was as heavy as that of any minister of a large church. His days were full. There were lectures to be given on morality, morale and the ideals of Democracy. It was to him that the men came, bringing their problems and troubles. A man's wife would be seriously ill and he would need to get an emergency furlough; often the Chaplain had to get the money for the soldier's fare home. Here the Red Cross and Army Emergency Relief played such an important role in the morale of the Army. Another wanted to talk to the chaplain about getting married, and still another just wanted to talk to some understanding person. The Chaplain, in turn, did his best to straighten out a situation.

The Army Chaplain had the rare privilege of living with his men. He soon learned their problems and their troubles, and they knew that they could confide in him and that he was their best friend. He was always available and willing to help them. These soldiers would be out there giving their lives as your protectors and the Chaplains would be there with them. We spoke to them in their mess halls, in the recreation buildings, in the theaters, and out under the stars in God's great out-of-doors. We spoke to three thousand in one group; we talked to them face to face about their relationship to God. We had the unpleasant task to summon them to our offices and convey to them the sad news that some loved one had passed on.

The American soldier felt that he was fighting for a great cause, and you could depend on his doing his best. The Army never let us down, and it didn't then. It continued to measure up to our highest expectations. On land or on sea, or in the air, our men never disappointed us.

The chapel was a symbol of the presence of God among

men. It was also the symbol of the firm stand Democracy took against any compromise with the forces of evil. The Army Chaplain was a challenge to the menace of race, class and creed prejudices. A religious freedom that is persistent, and consistent, was our Government's answer to the religious persecutions that are continually going on in other parts of the world. The Chaplains connected with the chapels were the personal representatives of religion. They were the symbol of that spiritual influence without which no nation can long endure. Yes, we, in America, were thankful for our chapels in the Army and the fine work of the Chaplains, for it was here that the ideals we were fighting for were kept alive. It was here that we remembered that we were Christians fighting a "New Crusade."

I was notified to report to the dispensary, where I was to start a series of tetanus, typhoid, smallpox and yellow fever immunizations. There followed long days and nights when often I was burning up one moment and freezing the next, but I recovered. I have a very high appreciation of the splendid work that was done by our medical officers and the corps of nurses who kept our men well. Too much praise cannot be given them for the fine service they rendered. As I went in and out of the dispensaries, the dental clinics and the hospitals and watched relief brought to sick bodies, and saw suffering alleviated, I thanked God for our medical corps. They did a fine job.

Another Sunday morning had dawned, and what a difference in the surroundings from last Sunday. I awakened to the sound of a bugle in an Army camp. This was my first Sunday in the Army. My first service of the day was to be held at nine o'clock. The enlisted men had not arrived in camp yet, with the exception of a few cadre. I entered the pulpit with many trepidations. I was greeted at this first service by only nine men.

The organ was in the balcony in the front part of the chapel, and I had been accustomed to singing at the same end of the auditorium with the music. I felt awkward in my uniform but proud to be privileged to wear it. It was rather difficult to preach to such a small audience but I did the best I could, and I am sure that it was very poor but God was with me.

Many Sabbath Days have come and gone since that first one with only nine men present. The attendance and interest increased until the chapel was filled with eager worshippers. One Sabbath Day that will stand out in our memories was Mother's Day, 1942. One of the churches near our camp furnished us with six hundred roses, red and white. A U.S.O. Club sent five young ladies to assist in the service. They stood in the vestibule and gave a rose to each soldier. After the service we had some roses left; we took them to the station hospital and went from ward to ward giving them to the sick. How appreciative they were! One soldier who was very ill took one of the red roses and pressed it to his nostrils, drinking in its beauty. He said: "This is the first Mother's Day I have been away from home and I have always worn a rose on that day, but this morning when I awoke and realized this was the day, and that I did not have a rose, I felt badly about it; but now that you have come—and I am so glad that you have—I can have a rose to wear in honor of my mother."

We had a beautiful service. Mrs. W. W. Nelson, in whose home we had an apartment, was our "Representative Mother." She sat on the platform with the Chaplain. How lovely she was, gowned in a white dress that matched her hair and her Christian character; she made an ideal representative mother. The soldier boys crowded around her after the service, anxious to shake hands with her and to express their appreciation for her presence. It was a marvelous day and one that will never be forgotten by the hundreds of boys, but cherished forever.

There was never a moment in the Army that I regretted. However, there were times when I had been lonely. Anyone who has been a pastor feels a loneliness for his congregation and the parsonage home, and for the sight of familiar faces. But one of the best cures for loneliness was to lose ourselves completely in something that was bigger than we were.

One of the compensations was the feeling that we were, in a small way at least, able to help others. One of the most important duties of a Chaplain was his hospital visiting. I was called at all hours to see the sick. I witnessed many tragic cases. I am thinking now of one young man whose mind snapped; he tried to commit suicide. He was still living but the mind had left the body. I visited and talked with those who had come back from the battlefronts; some of them had lost an arm; others, a limb. Many of them would never be able to enjoy good health again. We won the war, and, we hope, the peace, but what a price we had to pay for that freedom that is our birthright! Those boys who followed the American flag carried it and planted it on the hill of victory. That flag knows no taint of scandal, no spot of dishonor, and will continue to wave for all the freedom-loving people of the earth long after the Hitlers and Tojos have been forgotten.

When the first Nisei troops were sent to our camp, I went down into the company area and visited them, trying to make them feel that we were their friends and always ready to minister to them in any way we could, regardless of creed, race or color. These fine young soldiers had nothing to do with the cowardly attack upon our nation by the war lords of Japan, and they were very anxious to let us all know that they were Americans. In visiting them in their barracks, one of them said, "Are you a Methodist?" I replied, "I am." I wondered why he asked me that. Yet when he told me that he, too, belonged to the Methodist Church, I understood. Just as so many Catholic boys, seeing the cross on our uniform

thought that we were Catholic, and addressed us as Father. In talking with the Japanese soldiers I learned that a number of them were college and university graduates, but I was surprised to know that so many of them could neither speak, read nor write the Japanese language.

These Japanese boys made good soldiers. They were intelligent and the hardest-working group I had ever seen. I am glad I had the privilege of working with so many of them. They were members of our chapel choir, some of them ushered at the services; some of them would volunteer in their off-hours to help the Chaplain in his office work. When you realize the many letters that have to be written by chaplains, you can readily see what their coöperation meant. I served in one camp where we sent out an average of three thousand letters each thirteen weeks. What a different story historians would have to record if all the people of Japan were like some of the Japanese boys over here. If they were, the tragedy of Pearl Harbor could never have happened.

Soon after coming into the Army, I was invited to preach in a community church about twenty miles from camp. The party who called asked me to bring at least five with me and we would have Sunday dinner in their home. I enjoyed preaching again to a civilian audience; however, I cannot speak for the degree of enjoyment of the congregation, but they were very kind.

After the morning service, we went to the home of the owner of a large plantation. What a beautiful home it was! They had a number of other visitors, and I began to feel that too many had come for dinner, but when we were ushered into the spacious dining room and I looked at the table which seated twenty-four, I immediately changed my mind. Our host had quail which he had kept especially for this occasion. A splendid meal, a lovely home, inhabited by fine Christian people. We had never met these kind people before, and

our paths will never be likely to cross again, but we shall always remember the church service and our visit to their home whose beauty was enhanced by the beautiful characters who lived there.

I served as an Army Chaplain for three years, six months, and five days. During that time I served in training camps in the South, the Midwest, the East and Far West, Branch Immaterial Replacement Training Centers, Infantry Replacement Training Centers, Infantry Division, Signal Corps Replacement Training Centers and Coast Artillery. My assignments were Regimental Chaplain, Assistant Post Chaplain and Post Chaplain. I received orders to report to Chaplain's School, Harvard University, on October 3rd, 1942. I spent a month there and was graduated. The school is really streamlined—they gave us, in the four-weeks' course, helpful instruction. We had to be down in front of Perkins Hall at five-thirty each morning for roll call, then we were marched to the gymnasium for calisthenics; after thirty minutes of that, we all made a rush to find breakfast. The school does not have mess halls, therefore each Chaplain—and there were four hundred and fifty of us—had to find his own place to eat. At eight o'clock, each morning, we had chapel services; then we plunged into classes until noon. In the afternoon, more classes and usually four to six drill periods of fifty minutes each. Many of us were very sore and felt miserable after hours of drill and marching, but most of the chaplains seemed to come through in fine shape.

We had such helpful courses as Military Sanitation and First Aid. The importance of these lay in the fact that in case doctors or first aid men were not available on the battlefields in sufficient numbers to take care of the wounded, the Chaplain could assist them in first aid work. Think of the value of this training to us in that we might be able to save the lives of many, many precious American boys. We studied

map reading, had a course in Chemical Warfare, learned how to wear the gas mask, and what to do in case of a gas attack. We had a splendid course in Graves Registration, and were told that on the battlefield we would have a detail of possibly eight men whose job it would be to bury the dead. We were instructed that we were to see that the dead had Christian burial, and in case we were the only Chaplain on duty in that particular section, we would conduct the three religious services for the dead—Catholic, Protestant and Jewish. The Chaplain makes an inventory of all property found on the dead, and sends it with his report through channels to the next of kin. He must be very careful that the records are complete, the name of the deceased, his Army Serial Number, the organization to which he belonged, and on a map, the Chaplain is to show the exact location of the grave, so that when war is over, that grave may be easily located and the body shipped back to America, if that is the wish of the soldier's family.

We were given a course in Organization and Administration of the Army. It is amazing how an Army could grow in such a short time, from the size of the police force of the State of New York, to twelve million men. What a tremendous job the Army did! This gave the lie to the Axis powers who claimed that Democracy was too cumbersome and could not be made to work. As we listened to the reports coming in over the radio, and read the daily papers, two years after we got into this war, we saw that our Army functioned like a well-oiled machine, and it would continue to so function until international gangsterism had been driven from the earth.

An important factor in the soldier's life is morale, without which no nation can ever be victorious. We were given a course in this vital subject. One splendid course was on the subject of "Practical Duties." It dealt with the problems that we would face dozens of times a day as we counseled with

men and tried to find the solution to their varied difficulties. This was unusually helpful. We also had a course on "Customs and Courtesies," which furnished a picture of this important phase of Army life, and instilled in us more appreciation of our Army, and what our forefathers had handed down to us. This precious heritage we shall cherish and pass on to those who follow us. We learned through the course on Military Law, how the Legal Department of the Army functions, what kinds of laws there are and how they operate in America and foreign countries. We were instructed in the proper care of funds and the handling of property. We had a course on Army Regulations and how they govern the lives of army personnel.

One of the splendid features of the school was the talks given to us from time to time by different members of the faculty. Especially helpful were the lectures by the Commandant and Assistant Commandant of the School.

Fond memories will we always cherish of the fellowship of the Chaplains we met there. There were a few we had known in other days, and we were happy to be associated with them again. Then we met many new faces. Chaplains representing the three religions—Protestants, Catholics and Jews—were there. Negro Chaplains made their contribution, as they studied how they might better be soldiers of God. Chaplains, many of whom had already seen foreign service, knew from first-hand the horrors of war. Many new Chaplains, fresh from their churches, were now entering upon an entirely different life. There were men of all denominations and from every section of this great nation; many of them left directly from the Chaplain's School to join their units already overseas. Knowing that we had already lost a number of Chaplains in this war, we all realized that there were many of our new-made friends whom we would never see again until we had crossed the Last River. We had seen the War Depart-

ment announcement giving the names of some of our Chaplain friends, those we had served with in training camps, as "killed in action."

I met many fine Chaplains in the Army, men who had only one objective: to minister to the spiritual needs of their soldier congregation. While in college, I had a classmate who was later ordained a minister in another denomination. I had not seen him for ten years until one morning, about three months after I had come into the Army. I was on my way from the mess hall where I had had breakfast, to my chapel, when the Sergeant Major of the Regiment told me that another chaplain had been assigned to the Regiment, and that he was standing just outside of Regimental Headquarters talking to some of the soldiers. I walked up into the crowd, and saw my former classmate. How delighted I was to see John I. Rhea. He stayed in our camp for some six months and then received his orders for an overseas assignment. He and his wife and little daughter Judy spent their last night together in our home. I went with him downtown to see about trading for a better car, so that his wife would have it to use while he was gone. I remember that last day. John said: "I have always wanted to have just enough money to be able to get along. I have thought how nice it would be to get a little ahead." I certainly agreed with him. Then he said: "But now I am going away; I don't know when, if ever, I will return, leaving my family that means so much to me. At a time like this, money means nothing."

Up to now, ministers had not been drafted into the Army as Chaplains. We came of our own free will, glad to do so, happy in the thought that we could follow our boys to the ends of the earth and be their friends and advisers. It meant a great deal to give up a comfortable parsonage, a nice church, an inspiring people, all our friends and those dear to us, and

go to live in the barracks of an army camp, march with the soldiers through the rain, the snow and the mud, sleep with them out on the ground with a blanket of stars. But none of us regretted the decision we made, and we felt that we are serving where our God would have us. Some day those of us who would be permitted to come back, would live with pleasant memories of days spent in His service, a service that has its many compensations which the world can never understand.

Yes, we too, were soldiers, soldiers of God, and soldiers of the greatest nation on earth. How God used his soldiers in this war! Out of all its horrors, we believed much good would eventually come. We had all been drawn closer together. We knew now that we were "our brothers' keepers," that what happened on the other side of the world vitally affected us in our everyday living. My heart was made to rejoice many times. It was Christmas again, and the Jewish boys went to their Commanding Officers and to the Chaplains and said: "This is the holiday of Christians; we have had ours. We do not want furloughs now, but we will stay here and do our part while the Christian boys are given the privilege of enjoying their holy days."

It was such a spirit that made for a great Army. The Chaplains of all faiths worked together in a harmonious way. Each soldier was told by the Chaplains to follow the teaching of his home, and his church, and to walk humbly with his God. A boy can be just as religious in the Army as at home. Statistics tell us that a much larger percentage of men attend services after coming into the Army.

A summary of Chaplain's activities as released by the Chief of Chaplains Office for the month of February, 1944, was evidence of the attitude of soldiers toward religious services. Here are the figures:

Religious Services	106,499
Attendance upon Religious Services	6,920,298
Communion and Sacramental Occasions	86,714
Participants	1,003,810
Guardhouse and Hospital Visits	101,800
Pastoral Activities—	
Functional Occasions	882,705
Pastoral Contacts—	
Persons Reached	7,776,599
Civilian Communities—	
Functional Occasions	28,171
Contacts—Persons Reached	1,905,068

The Government furnished three kinds of Testaments to the soldier, representing each of the major religions: Protestant, Catholic and Jewish. In front of each, was a message from President Roosevelt in which he said to the members of the Armed Forces:

“To the Members of the Army:

As Commander-in-Chief I take great pleasure in commending the reading of the Bible to all who serve in the Armed Forces of the United States. Throughout the centuries men of many faiths and diverse origins have found in the Sacred Book words of wisdom, counsel and inspiration. It is a fountain of strength and now, as always, an aid in attaining the highest aspirations of the human soul.”

Also the American Bible Society and the Gideons furnished Testaments and Bibles for the Armed Forces. A number of denominational publishing houses kept the chaplains supplied with good literature.

As already mentioned, there was a tremendous amount of

correspondence to be carried on by the Chaplains. My Commanding Officer sent for me to come to his office, and asked if I would get out a letter to the parents or next of kin of every soldier in the regiment. This we were more than glad to do. I felt that some of our most important work was keeping in touch with the loved ones of our soldiers. The Chaplain was a connecting link between the soldier and his family.

Over half of the letters we sent out were answered, and possibly half of them to be answered, in turn. Some of these were rather humorous; many of them would tug at your heart-strings. Many requests came through the mail, some of them we could do something about, and about many of them there was nothing we could do. It was a real pleasure to meet so many of the parents of our soldiers; they came to the chapel and wanted to meet the Chaplain who had written to them. They seemed so grateful.

In these letters there came enough invitations to visit homes so that I could not get around to all of them in a normal lifetime. In many of these, the parents asked me: "Are you going overseas with my boy? Somehow or other we will feel better if we know that you are going with him." I always wrote and gave them the assurance that if I were not to be with their boy, some other Chaplain would be, a Chaplain who knows God would go with them into the battle zones.

It was a dark night and the soldier had been ordered out by his Commanding Officer on a dangerous mission; the accomplishment of that mission meant much to our troops there. The young soldier went to his Chaplain and said: "Chaplain, I am going out on a mission. I want you to pray for me, not that I am afraid to die, but that I might have the courage to accomplish the mission." The Chaplain said to him: "Not only will I pray for you, but I will go with you." That was the kind of Chaplain—soldiers of God—we had in this war.

As I used to go to the railroad station to say good-bye to the men I had worked with for a long time—sad in the thought I could not go with them but knowing there would be another chaplain to take up where I left off—I was still happy in the realization that a new group of men would be coming in, and that I would have the privilege of working with them. Before the day was over I would be down in the barracks making contacts with them.

I performed marriage ceremonies for a number of the soldiers. Others I saw kneel at the altar and surrender their lives to God; then I have laid my hands upon their heads and baptized them into eternal life.

As I watched these men go out to man the battlefronts I felt a part of myself going with them.

I have stood by the side of weeping loved-ones in a lonely cemetery as the wind swept over a new-made grave. I have looked upon the flag-draped casket, and watched the firing squad fire a volley over the grave, heard taps sounded, as a soldier's or sailor's body was left in God's acre to await the judgment morning.

As the days came and went, we heard reveille in the morning and taps at night. As the last note of the bugler died out and the sound of taps faded into the distance, a tired Chaplain would turn off his light, weary from the many arduous duties that had filled his day, but happy in the thought that he had offered his services to his God and his country in an hour like this, and that he had been able to make some lonely soldier's burden just a little lighter. What a consolation was this consciousness that one was at least in a small way able to give whatever talents one had in discharging the duties of a soldier of God!

CHAPTER THREE

Heroes of God

Chaplains were very fortunate in being able to point to so many of our great leaders in the Allied Armies as strong, stalwart Christian men. We took every opportunity to call to the attention of our soldier audience the noble characters of our leaders.

For the first time in their lives, thousands of young men in the Armed Forces were taking religion seriously. Some of them came into the Army with little or no religious training, but many of them came from fine Christian homes. Some out of the very best of these had made no definite decision for Christ. It was our happy privilege to witness many of them accepting Christ as Saviour and Lord. A number we received into the church and then sent a letter back to the pastor of their home church, asking him to accept this as their membership in his church. A rare privilege we knew was to receive one of our own younger brothers into the church while he was taking his basic training in the same camp to which we were assigned as Chaplain.

It may be very fitting here to mention at least a few of the great religious, as well as outstanding military, leaders.

I

General Sir Bernard Law Montgomery, leader of the famous British Eighth Army. General Montgomery was a Bible student, read his Bible daily and prayed. He was not only a great soldier of his country, but a great soldier of his God. What a wonderful influence he wielded over the armed forces of the world. He had the love, admiration and respect of all his officers and his men. They shouted his name as he passed. A soldier going by his Headquarters one morning heard the General talking to someone. He drew nearer and listened, and then it was that he knew that the General communed with the Unseen Guest. The soldier was naturally very much impressed to see a great general down on his knees before God with his Bible opened on the table in front of him. General Montgomery, the son of a Bishop, grew up in a Christian home. No wonder the soldiers said of him: "That guy prays." Winston Churchill, England's famous Prime Minister, had this to say of him: "That vehement and formidable General, a Cromwellian figure, austere, severe, accomplished, tireless, his life given to study of war, who has attracted to himself in an extraordinary degree, the confidence and devotion of his Army."

II

America, too, has her great religious soldiers. Some time ago, I visited the house in Little Rock, Arkansas, where General Douglas MacArthur was born. The hero of our armies was born in Officers' Quarters at the Arsenal, in MacArthur Park. I stood there one beautiful Sabbath afternoon and breathed a prayer of thanksgiving to God for the noble life of this great Christian General. I have read a copy of a telegram he once sent to the Rector of Christ Church, in Little Rock, the church in which General MacArthur and his older brother, Malcolm, now dead, had been baptized on May 16,

1880. In the telegram from Allied Headquarters in Australia, General MacArthur said: "At the altar where I first joined the Sanctuary of God, I ask that you will seek Divine Guidance for me in the great struggle that looms ahead."

I saw him again as he prepared a statement to the mothers of America, paying a high tribute to the defenders of Bataan. The statement was read to newspaper men from a ruled sheet of paper on which the words were written in pencil in the General's own hand.

"No army has ever done so much with so little. Nothing became it more than its last hour of trial and agony. To the weeping mothers of its dead, I only say that the sacrifice and halo of Jesus of Nazareth has descended upon their sons and that God will take them unto Himself."

I saw him again as he knelt at evening time to pray with his little son, and heard him say: "I want my son to think of me when I am gone, not as a great soldier, but as a father who knelt with him in prayer." Again I heard him say: "The soldier, above all other men, is required to perform the highest act of religious teaching—sacrifice. In battle and in face of danger and death, he discloses those divine attributes which his Maker gave when He created man in His own image." The name of MacArthur has become a household word all over America. Old people carried that name on wings of prayer to the altar of God. Young people thrilled to his exploits and deeds of valor. Children almost worshipped him. No wonder a precious little girl closed her prayer with these words: "And dear God, take good care of General MacArthur, don't let him get his feet wet, and catch a bad cold."

General MacArthur is truly a soldier of God, and his influence knew no barriers as it leaped across the oceans, as it traveled through the jungles of New Guinea; the men under his command took new heart as they fought for our freedom.

III

Everyone in America knows about Johnny Bartek. His name has become a legend. Bartek was the soldier who flew the Pacific with Captain Eddie Rickenbacker and his party. Remember the New Testament he carried in his pocket—the Testament given to him by his minister who was pastor of a Baptist Church in Freehold, New Jersey? In company with seven others, he was with the party in the rubber rafts, while all the world hoped and prayed and waited for word of the lost crew of that ill-fated plane.

Bartek was not very religious the day he boarded the plane at Honolulu. But he was like so many others who only take a formal interest in religion. He knew that it was real and vital in people's lives, but he had just drifted along. On the start of the epic journey he knew nothing of a sustaining faith that can carry men through days of torture, days of thirst and days of hunger. Lieutenant J. C. Whittaker, copilot of the plane said that seeing Bartek reading his Testament on the plane gave him a chuckle. But later, when the little crew were facing starvation and death, the Lieutenant and his companions changed their attitude considerably.

The plane's gas supply was running low. DeAngelis, the navigator, did not know where they were. Lower and lower the gas indicator showed, until it was a matter of time that the plane would be set down on the vast waters of the Pacific. Now others became suddenly interested in Bartek's Testament. DeAngelis asked for it. The plane landed safely in the water; immediately the crew abandoned it; in the rubber rafts they were at the mercy of the elements. After a few days all hope of being rescued faded away. Think of a party of eight men, discouraged, tempers flaring up, hope gone, with the gloomy outlook that apparently even God had abandoned them to their fate. Then Bartek began to turn through his Testament; the others watched, not ashamed now of their

interest. Suddenly his eyes fell upon words that fairly leaped from the sacred pages. "Therefore take no thought saying, what shall we eat, or what shall we drink? Wherewith shall we be clothed, for after all these things do the Gentiles seek. For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. But seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take care of the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Matthew 6:31-34.

These verses seemed to grip and hold the attention of Bartek and the rest of the crew. Then his eyes noted a sea gull circling around over the rafts. It flew toward them and rested on the head of Rickenbacker; he reached up and taking hold of the bird, wrung its neck. Now they had food, and using the entrails of the gull, they caught some fish. Prayers had been answered, the Word of God had been proven, tried and found not wanting. Again when they prayed for the cloud to come back, it did, and how the refreshing rain poured upon their bodies, eaten with salt water ulcers, and how the pure water cooled the parched and swollen tongues! All this because God used Bartek and his Testament for the conversion of these men, lost on the turbulent waters and lost from God.

Bartek, now Sergeant Bartek, came out of that experience along with his comrades, a genuine Christian. Bartek, who was only twenty-three years of age, went up and down the nation telling the story of God's power over the storm-tossed sea, His power to save not only from physical death on a raft, but His power to save for eternity. Someone has said: "There are no atheists in foxholes." Neither are there atheists on rubber rafts. God moved in a mysterious way in this terrible war. Men's hearts were responsive, and they yielded themselves to Him by the countless thousands. We all joined in

hoping that this religious fervor would continue. When peace would come again to a war-torn world the Christian people could declare that a state of war existed between them and Satan, and all that he stands for. We could rid America and the world of sin, and that is the only way that war can ever be stopped. For without sin there could be no wars. We can wax eloquent over economic wars, political wars, and all the various and sundry kinds of wars that might be named, but when war has been ultimately tracked down to its den, it will be found sin is also there.

Sergeant Johnny Bartek, before the war, had worked in a rug mill in New Jersey. A party was given for service men in Buffalo, New York, during the Christmas holidays of 1942. Johnny Bartek and his sister Esther were the honored guests. Responding to a toast, Bartek said:

"Everyone asks whether I was very deeply religious before our three weeks in the Pacific. Truthfully, I must answer, not very. I always went to Church, but I did not have an all-out mystical feeling many people have. I don't know that I have it even now, but I do know more than ever, now, that there is a God and a hereafter. Those three weeks and what happened in them, in answer to our prayers, left me forever with a deep faith. I'll never lose that. On the sixth day, things looked bad. I decided to take out my Bible. Captain Rickenbacker and the others seemed a little relieved when I started to read. I know I was. The next day I took out my Bible again, reading from it at random. Some of the parts I read seemed to fit exactly our predicament. I don't remember what they were now, but I know that something or someone was turning the pages to some enlightening passages.

"The rest of the days went by with us praying and still hoping. Without the Bible we might have given

up. But every so often we'd run across a passage that would force hope back into us like a dry sponge in a basin of water. I'm glad that plane fell—it took a lot of nonsense out of my life.”

What a glowing testimony of the marvelous love and power of God. Surely this should increase the faith of all of us and we should realize what God can do for us as a group, and as individuals.

The little Testament Bartek had was printed by a Presbyterian Publishing House, and purchased by a Baptist Society. The Testament now rests in a locked case in the Bible House of New York City. God used a humble, unknown lad out of a mill village in New Jersey to focus once again the attention of a lost world on the Word of God: the Word that is as old as the eternal hills and as modern as tomorrow. Truly His Word “is a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our pathway.”

IV

I had the rare privilege of meeting Lieutenant Commander Corydon Wassell and hearing him relate his wonderful experience. Lieutenant Commander Wassell like General Douglas MacArthur was born in Little Rock, Arkansas. This beautiful city, the state capital of Arkansas, gave two of her noble sons to become heroes of World War II.

Before meeting Lieutenant Commander Wassell, I had heard President Roosevelt say on the radio in a tribute to him: “He was like the good shepherd who did not forsake his sheep.”

This brave Christian gentleman was a doctor in the United States Navy. He spent a number of years prior to the war in China as a medical missionary working under the Board of Missions of the Episcopal Church. Here is the story that Lieutenant Commander Wassell related that Sunday morn-

ing in the Episcopal Church in Little Rock, Arkansas. He had started with a number of wounded men from Java to Australia. "The lifeboats looked like a sieve where they had been shot through and through by Jap bullets. I did not think we had one chance in a thousand of ever getting through to Australia. Our supplies of medicine and food were running low, and we were having to ration medicine. Only giving it to those more seriously wounded. For days I had not had my clothes off; hope seemed almost gone. The ship sailed up into a cove and I had a talk with the wounded. I told them that those who were able to walk could take their choice of staying with the boat, or they could go ashore and then they would be on their own. They wanted to know what I was going to do, and I told them that I would stay with those on the boat whose condition was such that they could not be moved." Then he told how difficult a task it was to stand by and see the men suffer, knowing that he did not have enough medicine to ease their pain-racked bodies. "Finally," said Lieutenant Commander Wessell, "we pulled out of the cove and started once again on our journey fraught with peril.

"I called another man and a Catholic priest into my room and we knelt and prayed for three hours. I came from that room relaxed, the nervous tension gone, and had a feeling in my heart that we were going to get through. I was so certain of it, I announced to the men, 'this ship is going through, because we are praying it through.'

"One of the men sighted a submarine and a feeling of fear clutched at the heart of each wounded man. I went to the bed of each of them and told them that I had been watching the submarine, that it had been following us for five hours or more, and that I knew it was a friendly submarine, for had it not have been, they could have sent us to the bottom of the ocean hours ago. Then we heard the roar of planes overhead and again the men were frightened. But something assured

me that these were friendly planes. As the planes came closer and we could make out the insignia, we saw that they were Allied planes sent out from Australia by General MacArthur. We knew then that their mission was to escort us safely into the harbor."

This great shepherd had been faithful to his task; forgetting all about personal danger that lurked all about him, he stayed with his wounded men, ministering to their needs.

What a thrill came over the audience that morning when this great physician said: "We are praying this ship through." It, to me, was one of the greatest thrills of my lifetime to be able to look into the face of such a great man. I was glad that morning to be a humble minister of my God, and for the rare privilege of being Chaplain in the Army, a soldier of God! It gave me a new courage and a fresh assurance that God was on His throne.

V

The eyes of peace-loving people everywhere turned toward Number Ten Downing Street in London where resided England's great Prime Minister, Winston Churchill. Listen to these words from the pen of a great man:

"What General Weygand called the Battle of France is over, the Battle of Britain is about to begin. On this battle depends the survival of Christian Civilization. Upon it depends our own British life and the long continuity of our institutions and our empire. The whole fury and might of the enemy must very soon be turned upon us. Hitler knows he will have to break us in this island or lose the war.

"If we can stand up to him, all Europe may be freed and the life of the world may move forward into broad sunlit uplands; but if we fail, the whole world, including the United States and all that we have known and cared for, will sink into the abyss of a new Dark Age made

more sinister and perhaps more prolonged by the light of a perverted science.

"Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duty and so bear ourselves that if the British Commonwealth and Empire last for a thousand years, men will say, 'This was their finest hour.'"

The eyes of the world also turned toward China. That nation had been fighting longer than we against the ruthless and brutal attacks of Japan. Japan had practiced uncivilized warfare upon this peaceful nation. But China had fought on.

Many years ago, some Christian people interested themselves in a Chinese cabin boy. The Chinese boy, appreciative of their attention, accepted an invitation to attend church services held in a Methodist Church in Wilmington, Delaware. Little did these Christian people realize what an influence this Chinese boy was to have on world affairs just a few years hence. Charles J. Soong was his name. He was converted in this Methodist Church in Delaware. He prepared himself for the ministry, went back to his native land and married a Miss Ni. God blessed this happy Christian union by giving them six children. The youngest of the three daughters was Mei-ling Soong.

Some years ago I attended commencement exercises at Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia. Dr. W. N. Ainsworth, later a Bishop of the Methodist Church, was president of Wesleyan when Mei-ling Soong and her two older sisters were students there. Mei-ling being small for her age, and rather frail-looking, attracted the attention of Dr. and Mrs. Ainsworth. They felt that she would be much happier if she lived in their home. So she had the happy privilege of spending those early days of her life in a Methodist parsonage. The three Soong sisters spent three years at Wesleyan and then went to another Methodist institution where they graduated.

The Soong sisters after their graduation from college went

back to China. The two older sisters married influential leaders of their nation. The youngest, Mei-ling, called, "First Lady of the World," married Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

When the Generalissimo asked Mrs. Soong for the hand of her daughter in marriage she rather hesitated and seemed reluctant to give her consent, because he was not a Christian. When she asked him if he would accept Christianity, he replied "I will give it serious thought." They were married and a few years later leaders of the Methodist Church in China were summoned to receive the Generalissimo into the Church. He became a Christian through his wife's influence.

Some time ago when it seemed China would take the road to Communism, Chiang Kai-shek asked the missionaries to pray that China would take the way of Christianity. He broadcast a message to his people urging them to accept Jesus as their leader and march with him toward the Cross.

The Generalissimo gave this testimony: "I found my way to God through trial and trouble, but when I found him I was filled with great peace and strength." When we realize the wonderful experience of God's love as it encouraged the great heart of China's leader, then we can understand why he and his wife could pray for Japan, their enemy, while the Japanese rained down bombs upon them and their helpless people.

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and Madame Chiang Kai-shek are world Christians. They have their Bible reading and prayers daily. What an influence those few Christian people started in Wilmington years ago!

VI

SILVER CORD*

"They went aboard the troopship in the still watches of the night. There was no shouting, no bon voyage laughter

* Used by special permission of the *Christian Herald*.

or song, no band-playing. Like an endless olive drab river, they flowed in through the street gate, down the long dock to the gangways and the great gaping doorways in the side of the ghostly ship. In they went, glancing back now and then over their shoulders at the lights of the city, looking up sharply at the sound of a tugboat whistle, man after man, endlessly, quiet as the fog that drifted in over them and their ship, a fog that sat on little cat-feet and watched them in silent wonder. Down, down into the bowels of the ship, to slip off their packs and sit down on the floor and brush an olive drab sleeve across their foreheads and say to one another in the dark, "Well, this is it."

In a dim cabin somewhere in the officers' quarters, four Chaplains were talking. They were four strong men from the ends of the earth, as far apart theologically as the poles are apart. Yet among them ran that silver cord of the Spirit which binds true men of God together in that spiritual camaraderie which only they and God can ever understand.

They were men of different creeds. Four of them. And young! George L. Fox, Methodist, was the oldest and he was only forty-three; in World War I, he was cited for valor, and in a Vermont parsonage his children played with the medal he got in '17—the Order of the Purple Heart. Alexander Goode was Rabbi of Congregation Beth Israel of York, Pennsylvania; he was thirty-two. Father John P. Washington had lately been priest of St. Stephens Roman Catholic Church at Arlington, New Jersey. And there was Chaplain Poling, Clark Poling—son of Dan, pastor of the First Reformed Church of Schenectady, New York—aged thirty-two, with cap at jaunty angle and laughter at the corners of an eternally smiling mouth and a solid jaw. Thirty-two!

They shook hands, exchanged a joke or two and then went about their Father's business among their men of war. They were Methodist, Reformed, Roman Catholic, Jew—but not

one in a hundred of the men aboard ever thought of them as merely that. These were the men who led them in prayer. These were the selectees of God sent there to make His voice louder than Mars'. They brought no sectarian dogma, teaching or creed; they brought the silver cord that makes one all the children of God.

A day, two days, three—who knows?—they ministered on their way to war. And then it came. A periscope came to the surface, slowed down, twisted, turned, stood still as the eye of a snake. Between periscope and ship slid the torpedo. Why did not God stop it? God, good reader, had nothing to do with the torpedo; this was hell's business, engineered of men who put faith not in God but guns. It struck—and panic swept the decks.

Life rafts went overboard; men slid down the ropes; men jumped. The Chaplains went about, quieting the men. There were fewer, fewer, fewer men on the decks, and slowly quiet took over from clamor. From nowhere four young soldiers came, looking helplessly over the rail. They could not jump; somehow, in the panic, they had lost their life belts! They had no chance for survival now, and they knew it.

Daniel O'Keefe, able seaman, says he saw it. He saw the four beltless soldiers; he saw the four Chaplains stop them, talk to them, and then deliberately take off the belts that would have given them survival, and adjust the belts on the olive drab shoulders. Then when there was no other living soul to help, the four Chaplains knelt together in prayer. The life rafts drifted away, and left them there.

Look at them there, all ye who are saying that Jesus Christ is dead! Look at them, ye who are asking so bitterly, "Mankind is being crucified—and where is God?" Look at them, and lift your faces and lay hold upon the silver cord and know that hope did not die on Calvary, that there are still among us, as leaven from Heaven, men made in the mold of Christ.

There will be those who will shake their heads and say it is so needless, that it is even foolishness. Foolishness? Aye. This is the foolishness of the Cross. Needless? Yes—as needless and soul-shaking as the Christ who might have found a physical survival in Gethsemene and refused it. The four may have prayed: “Let this cup pass from me.” Yet when the moment came they took the cup as He took it. And because they did that, four boys may settle down again in four little towns in Texas or New York or maybe Idaho and live forever in the shadow of a golden cloud out of which will come a still small voice whispering: “You live because they were lost.” Or they may say with Barabbas, “That’s my cross he’s on!”

Lost? Who says that? We who give our pittance of coin or food for “Victory”? We who speak of this precious Democracy, these Four Freedoms, the Inalienable Rights of Man? Dare we say “lost”? Or shall we stand in the presence of this amazing thing as the Beloved John and Mother Mary stood at Calvary, with the same silences rolling in our souls, with the same voices from on high?

They asked no questions. They asked not, “Are you a member of the Reformed Church?” Or, “Do you happen to be a Jew?” Not they; poles apart theologically, yes, yet in them, somehow, as in little Bethlehem, was caught up the hopes and fears of all the years. And in them was the meaning, the goal, the faith in the world to be, that burned like a torch in the hearts of a free world struggling through global blood-mists up to God.

If they had lived, they would have been great ministers. They would have served great churches. But churches, after all, are human. They are organizations, weapons, weapons in the hand of God, instruments, and the four would have used them as instruments, no more. But think of how they served, without waiting for that. Think of a Congregation spanning time and all the ages and you have it. Their parish was the

world. They served one Church, and one alone, the Church Christ wants upon this earth. In that wild moment on the deck they swept away those senseless barriers between "the churches" that make us merely, pitifully, "denominational." They knew no creed here but the universal creed of faith unrationed, the common property of all men who believe, the mystic union which exists between Christ and the children of God whether they worship in Protestant meeting houses, Catholic cathedrals or Jewish synagogues. They hurled back across the tossing North Atlantic the seeds of that Church—the Church that must come, and soon.

And they did more. They gave the final lie to *lebensraum*. They destroyed the concept of the master race. What did the Nazi think of them? What did those who hated the Jew and imprisoned the Lutheran Niemoeller and shot the priest? What did the bigot think, challenged by men to whom forms were nothing when the cause was God's? What has the cynic, the superman, the little nationalist, against such a faith and such a brotherhood? This is the lever in the hand of God with which He shall at last move the world and change its face. This is the silver cord with which He binds all men.

Four Chaplains? Not now. They are four torches in the van of marching men. A million mothers would say: "If only my son may be like that!" Ten million freemen marching, fighting for a Christlike world would be saying, when they read of it: "This is what we fight for." This was not death, but inspiration. This was meant for us to see and understand and build upon. This was for us, that we may lay hold upon the silver cord that held The Four together. And if ever, henceforth, 'this silver cord be loosed, this golden bowl be broken—then God help us all.'

CHAPTER FOUR

Humorous Incidents

The Chaplain had to have a sense of humor. And the Army had its humorous side. As I served for three and one half years in camps from one end of this nation to the other, I observed a number of incidents in which I could see this humorous side. No Chaplain could ever be a success in the Army if he took himself too seriously. Oftentimes, the Chaplain could see the humorous side of a problem that might otherwise have become a tragedy.

I

One morning as I walked into Regimental Headquarters, I was greeted by the Sergeant Major's profanity, as he addressed himself to a private whom he had almost scared out of his wits. The private had left the door open, and the Sergeant Major evidently was cold. "Why in the — don't you shut that — —door?" said the Sergeant Major. In a nonchalant manner, I walked over to the door, ran my hands up and down the door and the frame, examining both very carefully, paying no attention to the Sergeant Major or anyone in the Headquarters, all the time saying to myself: "I wonder what is wrong with that door." The Sergeant Major in the meantime was just standing there looking at me, and then he burst out in a fit of laughter and said: "Chaplain, I have a very

bad habit of cursing but you made me feel so little just then that I am going to quit it. Chaplain, I will never get to heaven if I don't quit cursing." To which I replied, "Oh, yes, you will too; I am going to look after you." Then he said to me: "Chaplain, what I like about you is that you have a sense of humor." From then on that Sergeant Major was one of my best friends in the camp. I know that my attitude that morning saved the situation, and was a much better course of action than any other I might have taken.

II

One day, a Company Commander called me and said: "Chaplain, I have a couple up here who want to be married." I said to the Captain: "Fine, send them on down." "No," he said, "I am coming down after you, I want you to talk to them." I put my ritual in my pocket and got in his car and here is the story he told me. The couple were up in one of the day rooms. Actually, they had met only twenty minutes before. She had gotten his name and they had been corresponding for some months. They had decided she was to come out to his camp and they would be married. He went to meet the bus, missed it, and in the meantime she had come on out to the camp. They wanted to be married right then.

His Company Commander told me to try to talk them into postponing the wedding for a few days. He told me to assure the soldier that he would be glad to give him a seven-day furlough in order that the couple might become better acquainted, and then after the furlough was up if they still thought they loved one another well enough, they could be married and have his blessing.

I was introduced to the couple and had quite a long talk with them. I suggested that they wait a few days, and told the soldier that his Company Commander would give him the furlough. To which he replied: "Chaplain, I think the

world of my Commanding Officer; he is one swell fellow and he needs me here. I would not think of being off for a week; I only want off this afternoon long enough to get married." Well, I at least admired the soldier's loyalty to his Commanding Officer. I told them to decide what they wanted to do, and if there were any service I could render, I would be only too glad to do so. Two days later, his Commanding Officer called me and asked me if the couple had come to the chapel yet. I told him I had not seen them since our conversation two days before and that I did not know what their plans were. He asked me to call him when they arrived. They wanted him to be best man at the wedding and they had told him they were going to be married that afternoon. Just as I hung up the receiver, they came in holding hands and smiling at each other. "Chaplain, we have the marriage license now. She is exactly the girl I want and we are going to get married. You and I are from the same state and you are not going to let me down." I said to her: "Do you love him?" She replied: "I think he is the greatest fellow in the world, and I am going to get married to him if it is the last thing I ever do." The Captain came and served as best man at the wedding. As long as I was in this camp, they would come in almost every evening, after supper, still holding hands and smiling at each other. I do not think I have ever seen a happier couple. Surely this was "love at first sight," and I believe that their love will last until death do them part.

III

One Saturday evening, I had three weddings scheduled on my calendar. I told one of my assistants, about six o'clock, that I was going to the mess hall for supper, that I would be back in a few minutes and that if any of the couples came, to tell them to wait a little while. When I returned, the three couples had reached the chapel, and were standing out in the yard.

I asked them if they would like to have a triple wedding (I had had a number of double weddings in the Army, but no triple ones). They said they would be married, one couple at a time. After we had decided the order in which the couples would be married, the first marched down to the altar. Their ceremony over, the second couple came down the aisle. When I came to that part of the ceremony which said, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health; and forsaking all others keep thee only to her, so long as ye both shall live?" I said to him, "Your answer is, 'I will'." He looked at me, came to attention and executed one of the snappiest salutes I have ever seen given by any soldier at any time or in any place. The bride looked at him, hesitated a moment trying to anticipate what he might do next, then she gave him a vicious elbow jab. He completed the salute and said: "Uh, huh, yeah I do." It was an amusing situation, even at such a sacred time. I finished the ceremony and they marched up the aisle and out the door; then the third and last couple of the evening approached. I really dreaded that one because it was one of those times when you want to burst your sides laughing and cannot. The ceremony went along very well until we came to the same place in the ceremony where the unexpected had just happened. When the groom said: "I will," I think I have never wanted to laugh so badly in my life. I tried to keep a straight face, but I am sure the couple noticed and often since have wondered what was wrong with me. I completed the ceremony but it was really an ordeal to keep from laughing. Yes, even so sacred a rite as the marriage ceremony can oftentimes have its humorous side.

IV

In a number of the camps where I served, there were Negro

troops. How proud they were of their uniforms, and how they liked to salute. Some of our white troops could have well followed their example in this respect. The Negro soldier took his job seriously. One day a Negro Sergeant was standing out in the company street, blowing his whistle. Four Negro soldiers came dragging out of their barracks and stood in front of him. After—as we say in the army—“throwing the book at them,” and after he had said about everything anyone could think of in the way of a reprimand, he closed his tirade with these picturesque words: “Look here, Negroes, when I comes out into this street and blows this whistle, I wants to see four streaks of dust come around the corner of that building. When the dust blows away, I wants to see four black statues standing right in front of me, and another thing, when I says, ‘eyes right,’ I want to hear them eyeballs click.”

V

One soldier must have been having rather a tough time. He put this in a letter he wrote home: “I am here in Ur of Chaldea. This is the place where Abraham lived. God told him to get thee out of the land unto a land I will show thee.” Said the soldier: “This is a terrible place and I don’t blame Abraham for leaving here, if he did not know where he was going.”

VI

Any message a soldier got from home concerning serious illness or death in the family had to be verified through the Red Cross. The Red Cross Chapter on the post would send a telegram to the Red Cross Chapter in the soldier’s home town asking for a verification. This was necessary because so many messages had come that were bogus.

One morning, about three o’clock, my telephone rang and a voice at the other end of the line said: “Have you received

verification of the telegram of Private Blank?" I said to the Sergeant: "You have the wrong number; this is the Regimental Chaplain, and you want the Red Cross." He was very apologetic awakening me at that hour of the morning. But the telephone numbers of the Red Cross and the Chaplain were similar and it was easy to see how a mistake in numbers had been made. Later, I was up at the Red Cross headquarters on some business matters. The many telephones were ringing almost constantly. I said to the Red Cross Field Director, "Those telephones surely stay busy." Then I told him about the Sergeant's call earlier in the morning. He said to me: "Chaplain, would you like to see the telegram which came from the soldier's wife?" "Yes," I replied, "I would." This is the wording of the telegram the soldier received: "Junior is dead—come home." The message in the telegram from the Red Cross Chapter in the soldier's home town added: "The Junior referred to in the telegram is a pet turtle."

Another telegram came in, stating that "Aunt Minnie is dead." When the Red Cross checked on this one they found that "Aunt Minnie" was a cat.

VII

Usually when a soldier came to see the Chaplain, he would start off in the conventional way: "Chaplain, I have come to talk to you about a problem." And may we say here the soldier had many of them. We tried to solve them as best we could and always, whenever possible, to give a spiritual emphasis.

One particular soldier had been reclassified and assigned to the Cooks' and Bakers' School. He did not like his new assignment. It has often been said of the American soldier, he is always broke, always hungry, and always wishes he were somewhere else. Well, this seemed to be true in the case of this particular soldier. He said to me: "Imagine me being in a

cook's school. If I were back home, I could help in the factory and here I am just wasting my time and the time of everyone else." I asked him what kind of a factory he worked in. He replied: "The place I work in makes horse collars." I had to stifle a laugh. Not so much because of what he said, but by the emphasis he put on the words, "horse collars." I asked him if he were married, and he told me he was and that he had one child.

I tried to impress upon him the importance of food in the Army and told him that the Army "marches on its stomach" and without food, the men cannot fight. I said to him: "Suppose we were in Africa or Italy, and we were out on the battlefields late in the afternoon and had had nothing to eat all day. Don't you think if we saw you coming with food trucks that you would be a very important fellow at that particular time?" "Yes," he replied, "I suppose I would be." And then I said to him: "Suppose after this war is over and we are all back at home, and one day you and your family go to see a victory parade; the bands are playing, the veterans are marching and the flags waving, and you stand there holding the hand of that little boy of yours, and he asks you if you were in the war, and you say: 'Well, I was in for a few weeks, but they put me in the cook's school, and I didn't like it, and I couldn't seem to make a soldier, so I received a discharge and came home to make horse collars.' Do you think your little boy will be very proud of you and do you think you will be very proud of yourself?" I said to him: "It is important to make horse collars, but there are others who can do that. At this particular time you have a much bigger job." Then the soldier came to attention, saluted and said: "Chaplain, I am going back over to the cook's school and go to work and render whatever service I can to my country and leave to others the making of the horse collars." He, indeed, did just that and made a good soldier.

VIII

A soldier came into the office and told me his Company Commander had sent him. The Company Commander told him: "I don't know what can be done with you, but go see the Chaplain." That is a common expression in the Army. When all other methods have failed, the soldier is told, "Go see the Chaplain."

This particular soldier had lots of problems. In the first place, he was what is known in the army as a "gold brick." A gold brick is a fellow who is just no good, one who is always trying to get out of doing any work at all. This man first missed bed check (usually at eleven o'clock, in most camps) when the charge of quarters or someone checks all the bunks in the barracks to see that all the men are in. Next, this soldier lost his blanket and then proceeded to steal one, or as he put it: "took one" from one of the other soldier's bunks. So from bad to worse he went. He had an idea that all the men of his company had it in for him and that they were going to get him outside and beat him up. I advised him as best I could and pointed out to him that he must do better and try to make a good soldier. He continued to come to my office. I soon saw what his trouble was: he wanted to get out of the army. Then one day he got in with a group of other soldiers whose ideals were not very high. They went to town on Saturday nights, went to questionable places, got drunk and fell in with some girls of loose morals. The result was that this soldier came back with a venereal disease. He was sent to the hospital, until he was cured. He would get a three-hour pass from the hospital, come to my office and ask that I try to get him transferred into the ward where the nervous patients were kept. I told him that that was impossible.

After he had been discharged from the hospital, he came back once more and wanted to know if I would help him to get a furlough so that he could go home for religious holi-

days. I told him surely he did not expect to get a furlough on those grounds considering his conduct. He looked at me and smiled. He had the most beautiful teeth I have ever seen.

I asked him one day if there were anything in his religion that would keep him from attending my services at the chapel. He answered that he did not know. Then I asked him if he would write home and ask his parents if it would be all right with them for him to come to the chapel services. He said that he would, but I am sure that he never did.

The last time I ever saw this soldier, he was marching down the street in front of our Headquarters. He was being shipped out. He was about five paces behind the rest of his company. Carrying two barracks bags over his shoulder he looked as if every step would be his last one. One of the corporals in Headquarters hollered at him; "Carrying those barracks bags is the first work I have ever seen you do all the time you have been here. Hurry up and catch up there. I'll see you in Tokio."

IX

A sentry on guard duty called to a form slinking along in the dark: "Halt, who goes there?" "Major Moses," was the reply. The guard who had not been in the army very long became rather confused and called out: "Advance, Major Moses, and give the Ten Commandments."

X

I was very fortunate having splendid Commanding Officers during my active duty in the army. I could not ask for better coöperation than I received from them. But evidently one Chaplain was not so fortunate. He told me this story. I doubt the authenticity of it, but at least it is a good story. "I had a Commanding Officer who was a regular attendant at my morning services. He was always punctual, but on this particular morning, for some reason, was late. The choir was

singing, "The Lord is in His Holy Temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him." The Colonel raced down the aisle, pounded his fist on the chancel rail, looked at the frightened Chaplain and said: "I will have you know, sir, the Lord is not in His Holy temple until I get here."

XI

The Army has a peculiar language all its own. Often when civilians hear us talking they wonder what we are saying. Listen to this conversation of a soldier over the telephone, while his best girl friend waits in hearing distance on the outside of the telephone booth. "Hello. Ask the CQ if the CO left his GI gloves in the PX?" Naturally the girl friend wanted to know what all the initials stood for and insisted that her soldier boy friend tell her in plain English just what he was talking about. And here is the explanation, "Ask the Charge of Quarters if the Commanding Officer left his Government Issue gloves in the Post Exchange?" Which reminds us of the private who had recently been promoted to private first class. His girl friend asked him what PFC meant. He replied, "Personal Friend of the Captain."

XII

The Chaplain delivered a very forceful sermon on "Keeping the Ten Commandments." He waxed eloquent and seems to have put his message over, judging by the reaction of one of the corporals in the audience. This corporal went away very much disturbed; his conscience was bothering him no little. But eventually he consoled himself and eased his conscience at least to some degree by saying to himself: "Well, at least I have not made a graven image."

XIII

Colonel: "What in tarnation is that awful noise coming from the Officers' Quarters?"

Lieutenant: "Sir, that is Chaplain Brown practicing on his sermon for next Sunday. You see, sir, he believes in practicing what he preaches."

XIV

The new Second Lieutenant, fresh out of Officers' Candidate School at Fort Benning, and very proud of his shiny gold bars, entered the hotel lobby. The Negro porter thinking here was a splendid opportunity for a handsome tip, said: "Good morning, Captain." He rushed up and took the Lieutenant's baggage and said: "Yes, suh, Major." When he had carried the baggage up to the Lieutenant's room, he said: "Anything else, Colonel?" Next morning, when the Lieutenant came down to check out, the porter said to him: "Anything I can get for you, General?" The Lieutenant gave him a dime for a tip. The porter turned it over and over in his hand, looking at it for sometime, hardly able to believe what he saw with his own eyes, and registering keen disappointment. Then he called out to the Lieutenant as he went out the door: "So long, Corporal."

XV

The Captain was not in the best of humor as he hung up his hat in his office ready to begin another day's work. He looked around and saw that someone had placed a vase of lovely flowers on his desk. Evidently this particular Captain did not like flowers. If he did, it was certainly not on this occasion. He roared at the orderly: "Who told you to put flowers on this desk?" "The Colonel, sir," replied the frightened orderly. "Beautiful, aren't they?" was the Captain's reply.

XVI

It was my happy privilege to have Bishop Edwin Holt

Hughes, one of the great bishops of the Methodist Church, visit our camp and speak to all the Chaplains there. Bishop Hughes had spent six months in France during the last war. He preached to the soldiers and did everything he could for them. He related to us some humorous experiences he had. Said the Bishop: "One night, almost midnight, after having been out all day, I was very tired and worn in body and mind. The battle that day had been rather fierce. We had lost a lot of men, and the battle was still raging. I heard a number of men marching down the road in front of my tent. I went to the door of my tent and saw a Negro soldier marching in a number of German prisoners. I fell in step with him, saying: "You certainly made a good haul tonight." "Yes, suh, boss, I sure did," replied the soldier.

"Did you go over the top today?" I asked him. "How did you feel when so many bullets were whistling around your head?" He looked at me, his face beaming in smiles, "When I went over the top this morning out there in no man's land, I said: 'Good mornin', Jesus.'"

XVII

Many times all of us have heard the expression, "There are no atheists in foxholes." But I am sure not all of us have heard of this incident. It is said that at a time when bullets were filling the air, and bombs were bursting all around, a Jewish boy dived into a foxhole on top of a Catholic boy who was saying his prayers. The Jewish boy grabbed the Rosary from the Catholic's hand and said: "How do you make this work?"

XVIII

Chaplains didn't recommend this advice be given often; someone might have taken it literally. But once in the camp where I was serving, there was a soldier who was trying to

give everyone the impression that he had lost his mind. He had tried to commit suicide by slashing his wrists. But one look by the doctor and he knew the soldier was faking. He had not cut very deep. The doctors had done everything they could, so they sent for a Chaplain friend of mine. He went in and immediately sized up the situation. The soldier told him if he did not get his furlough by the next day, he was going to commit suicide. The Chaplain said: "Well, I see you have tried it once and failed. How do you plan to do it the next time?" The soldier told him: the same way. The Chaplain said: "That's no good. You will never be able to kill yourself in that way. Why not go down there in your leg and get one of those big arteries? Get you a good sharp razor and really do it up in good style. But if you really want to do a first-class job of it, and be sure you do not fail the next time, get you a gun and blow the whole top of your head off. Of course, that is a little bit messy, and your brains will be scattered around quite a bit, but the undertakers now can do such a good job that you will look natural again after they get through fixing you up. Or better still, why not just get out and run yourself to death, then no one would ever know just what did happen to you." The soldier by that time had decided he did not want to die as badly as he had thought he did. Then the Chaplain talked seriously to him and made him see the obligation he owed to his country and to his loved-ones back at home. From last reports the soldier was getting along fine and had dismissed from his mind any thoughts of ever being any trouble to his Commanding Officer, or anyone else.

XIX

It was a very warm day. I was wearing my white uniform. Upon entering the vestibule of a large city church, I was greeted by an usher who said: "Do you belong to this church?" My answer was: "No, I am just visiting." Then he said: "Are

you a doctor?" I answered: "No, I am a Chaplain." He made one more guess. "Are you in the Navy?" I said: "No, I am in the Army." I took my seat thinking to myself, he certainly does not know much about the insignia worn by members of the armed forces.

CHAPTER FIVE

Correspondence, Lectures and Sermon

In some of the camps where I had served, the Chaplain mailed out a form letter to the parents or next of kin of each soldier in the unit. The following is a copy of one of the letters:

Dear Mrs. Citizen:

This is to inform you that your son, John Q. Citizen, has arrived at Camp — and has been greeted by the Chaplain.

In order to acquaint you with our camp, I am taking this opportunity of writing you this letter. Of necessity the letters must be mimeographed, as we have so many it would be impossible to write a separate letter to each of you. I sincerely hope you will consider this as a personal message from your son's Chaplain.

Your son is served the very best of food. The food is prepared by dietitians. Our soldiers gain on an average of ten pounds in weight before they have been here very long.

The sleeping quarters are comfortable. The barracks are well ventilated, and the bed clothing must be changed once a week. The barracks are inspected daily.

Our hospitals and dental clinics are doing everything possible to keep the men well. Even the slightest ailment is given immediate attention. If the soldier is sick he is taken to the hospital. Oftentimes the ailment is of such nature that in civilian life he would not even go to bed, but the Army is very much concerned with health conditions in the camps.

There are a number of theaters on the post where the latest and finest in pictures are shown. The admission price is very low. The theaters are operated solely for entertainment and not for profits. In the city near our camp there are a number of U.S.O. Clubs where the men can go in their off-hours. The U.S.O. Club is the "Soldier's home away from home." Here the men can have good wholesome entertainment and many services are provided by the U.S.O. for the soldier's welfare and happiness.

Three Chaplains are assigned to the Regiment to look after the spiritual welfare of your son. We have invited him to attend our chapel services and we hope he will. A letter of encouragement from home might help.

Write to your son often. See that the letters he gets from home are cheerful. Nothing helps the morale more than a cheerful letter. If you could be here sometime at mail call and see the fellows that do not get a letter and then see them as they turn and walk away, I believe the loved-ones back at home would write more often.

Please be assured that if at anytime we can be of any service to you, we shall be happy to do so. If you ever have the opportunity to visit our camp, we hope you will stop at the chapel and see us.

Praying God's richest blessings upon you always, I am,

Yours sincerely,

PRINCE A. EADES

Chaplain, United States Army

We received many letters in reply to the ones we sent out. Here follow copies of some of them.

I

Dear Chaplain:

My husband explained to me the kindness and help you showed in seeing that he got home to see his baby son. And I wanted to thank you personally, as it meant so much to both of us.

I also want to ask you to thank the Major for us. We appreciated so much the help you both gave. Thanking you again, I am,

Respectfully yours,

II

Dear Chaplain:

We are ashamed of ourselves for not writing you to say we did appreciate all the nice kind things you did for us while we were there. But after we came home I was ill for quite some time with a cold.

But I do thank you for everything, and we are holding you to your promise of coming to visit us in our home, and then we hope to return the courtesy you extended us.

My sister's husband left for the Army a short time after we got back home. That of course upset all of us. He is still at the same camp. As soon as he gets stationed she expects to go see him.

I am so glad that you are where our son can find you if he needs advice. I think the chaplains are wonderful in their work. Real understanding is something that every one does not have.

Thanking you again for all the kindness you gave us, and hoping to see you in our city soon,

Sincerely yours,

III

Dear Chaplain:

Some time ago my sister received a letter from you saying that our brother arrived safely in your camp.

Can you tell me if he is — of —? We have not heard from him for years. I should like to have any information of him that you may have.

Yours sincerely,

IV

Dear Chaplain:

Our son is ill in the hospital there. We would deeply appreciate your seeing him at your earliest convenience. He is only eighteen years of age, and has never been away from home before.

He is a good Christian boy. He is our only son and naturally you can understand our feelings at a time like this. Anything you can do for him will be greatly appreciated.

We would be glad to hear from you as early as possible, giving us information of our son's condition.

Thanking you, we are,

Your friends,

V

Dear Chaplain:

My son is located in your camp. He is unfortunate in that he can neither read nor write. I am inclosing a letter to him. Will you be so kind as to call him to your office and read my letter to him?

I know you are busy, but if you would have time to write or get some one else to write his letters to me, this favor will mean so much to his old mother.

Thank you, chaplain, and God bless you. I am,

Yours sincerely,

VI

I asked some of the soldiers to write me a letter on "What I am Fighting For." Here are some of the replies to that request:

Dear Chaplain:

I am a musician, and I live for the music and arts that glorify God and His peace-loving people. There is nothing beautiful or inspiring about the music of war. War is turmoil; everything evil and wicked seething against the forces of good. I am fighting (and dying, if need be) to overcome adversity; to be on the "right" side and help subdue the murderous creators of this "Discordant Symphony of War." I want to restore to hating hearts—a lasting and peaceful melody.

Sincerely yours,

VII

Dear Chaplain:

In the light of all that has been written and said about our part in the present war, it becomes rather difficult to sum up in a few sentences "What I am fighting for" without becoming necessarily repetitious.

Our country bulges with far-flung, timeworn phrases such as "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—"preservation of democracy"—"our way of life"—"the four freedoms" and so on. For the most of us, these are reasons enough for an honest battle on the part of any peace-loving American who has the preservation of the rights of his people, sanctity of home, and heritage of his land at heart.

But looking beyond the security of self and government, we now assume newer and deeper responsibilities toward all peoples of the world in recommending these principles vie with the sword.

Hence our slogans and mottoes if worthy as ideals, must

also be made to work here in the U.S. to justify "What we are fighting for."

The winning of an everlasting and universal peace is staggering to even contemplate. The doing of it we know will occupy more than a moment in history, but I wish to be a part of this great movement to come, and feel that it is my reason for fighting now.

I can say, then, that in addition to fighting for love of home, country, self-expression, freedom to worship as I see fit, freedom of speech, press, freedom from want, fear, etc., that I am fighting for a healthier education in a world-wide sense, or keener wisdom of all mankind in the future, better expressed in the sage and far-sighted words of Benjamin Franklin, when he wrote: "God grant that not only the love of Liberty, but a thorough knowledge of the rights of man may pervade all the nations of the earth so that a philosopher may set his foot anywhere and say—"This is My Country."

Sincerely,

VIII

Dear Chaplain:

You have asked me to tell you what "I am fighting for."

I am fighting for a better and a freer world. One in which all men regardless of color, race or creed may live in peace with his fellow man; a world in which we may exercise our rights in choosing those who are to be in authority over us. A world in which each man, woman and child may be able to worship "God according to the dictates of his own conscience."

I should like to somewhat paraphrase or enlarge upon a statement made, I believe by Robert G. Ingersoll, which to us very aptly expresses what I am fighting for: "I may differ with what you say (and believe), but I will fight to death for your right to say (and believe) it."

Sincerely,

IX

Dear Chaplain:

Someone was selfish, greedy, and thoroughly unscrupulous. Someone took advantage of a trusting, peaceful nation by stabbing it in the back. No one likes to be stabbed in the back, even if it isn't fatal. Nor does anyone like to see a friend stabbed in the back.

I have been hurt terribly; not physically, but spiritually. I am angry! I want to get even!!! I shall never forget the angry and revengeful feeling that surged through me on December 7, 1941. The suffering and heartaches which have been felt all over the world since then have me boiling. That is why I'm fighting!!

Respectfully,

And then there were a number of letters received from members of the armed forces; both from overseas and here in America. The following are a few examples.

X

Dear Chaplain:

Just a line to let you know I still think of you and hope all of you are well. This finds me in the Middle East, quite a few miles from ye old Tennessee, but I hope all this is over soon and all of us can come home.

I was in Cairo, Egypt, recently on a furlough. It was not to my liking to be on furlough out of the United States, but I made the most of it. I visited the Sphinx and the Pyramids, Blue Mosque and many other places of interest.

Answer soon.

Always your friend,

XI

Dear Chaplain:

Everything is working out all right, thanks to you. I feel

much better now and know things will be O.K. I'll be home in a few minutes. Three majors are on the plane and they are really swell.

Respectfully yours,

XII

Dear Chaplain:

We want to thank you for your letter of August 12th. We appreciate the fine work that you are doing in providing for the religious needs of the men of Jewish faith in your care. It is gratifying to us to realize that we can count upon your wholehearted coöperation.

We are asking our nearest representative, Dr. Jacob Goldhamer, to contact you without delay and to see what he can do to be of assistance.

Sincerely yours,

NATIONAL JEWISH WELFARE BOARD

XIV

Dear Chaplain:

It will soon be two months since I received my last mail; it has already been that long since I have seen my family. During this time life has been quite different from anything I had been accustomed to, but I'm making out all right. Have seen many things that most people have to read about, and which I am not especially interested in seeing again.

I am well, sound, and whole, and contented as could be expected without mail or the prospects of seeing Dixie for several months. I hope those assigned to Mussolini's lake will be for only a short duration, but I fear. . . .

Haven't heard from the family since June 4th. Don't know their whereabouts. I am writing them in care of Mr. Brock and Rev. Mr. Hoppe. I don't expect mail for another week or ten days, but hope it comes sooner.

Hope you are happily situated. Would love to hear often

from you. Keep close touch with my family please! I love you all very much. You are my best friends.

Lovingly,

XIV

Dear Chaplain:

Just a line to let you know that Forrest Avenue Church has now the rare distinction of having sent two chaplains from its pastorate in eighteen months.

If you happen to be around Harvard anytime before September 25th, Lieutenant Bishop will be pleased to snap to attention and give Captain Eades, Chaplain, a snappy salute learned by him as a private in World War I, and kept polished up later as a Pvt., Pfc., Cpl., Sgt., and 2nd Lt., in the National Guard.

May the richest blessings of our Father ever be upon you and yours in His work for the men in service of America.

Fraternally yours,

XV

Dear Chaplain:

I finally traced down the information you seek as to the marriage record of the soldier in question. I sent the information on to the former wife.

You know, I have missed you quite a bit since you left. You brought such a breezy optimistic friendly atmosphere with you.

Glad you have such an interesting job. About as usual here—as to problems, changes in personnel, etc.

Best of luck to you.

Sincerely,

XVI

Dear Chaplain:

I thank you very much for the copy of your weekly Chapel

Bulletin. It indicates that you are doing a "bang up good job." It is gratifying to us fathers who have sons in the service to know that men like you are interested in their moral and spiritual well being. I am for you, and I could wish that some more of our young preachers would respond to the need.

Everything seems to be going pretty well in Holston, and we are beginning to look forward to Annual Conference in October. I hope you can be with us.

With best wishes, I am,

Yours sincerely,

XVII

Dear Chaplain:

The Official Board of the Central Methodist Church has instructed me to express its deep appreciation for your excellent service during the absence of our pastor.

Your direct message was an uplift to our people.

Our prayers go with you in your efforts to serve our armed forces.

Yours sincerely,

XVIII

Dear Chaplain:

The Church is planning a special service to be held Sunday, June 20th at 8:00 P.M., in honor of the members of this church and those who were affiliated with it in other ways that are now serving in the armed forces.

Special recognition will be given parents and wives of our service men. This will be the occasion of our dedicating a service flag which will have a star on it in honor of each member of the church who is in the armed forces.

The people here speak of you quite often, and our prayers and best wishes go with you in your ministry to the service men.

Sincerely,

XIX

My dear Chaplain:

Please accept our heartiest congratulations on your recent well-earned promotion. Knowing the splendid work you have rendered to the men in the service the entire North Little Rock USO Staff feel very happy to know that your efforts have been rewarded.

Wishing you God's abundant blessing in your work.

With kind regards,

Yours very sincerely,

XX

Dear Chaplain:

Words are inadequate to express to you our deepest appreciation for your interest in our son who is in the hospital there in your camp.

Jim wrote to us telling us how nice you had been to him.

It helps parents so much to know that our Government is furnishing chaplains such as yourself to minister to our boys.

Please be assured if there is ever anything we can do for you to repay you in a small way for your many courtesies to our son we shall be only too glad to do so.

Again thanking you, I am,

Yours sincerely,

The following is a report of my work to the Holston Annual Conference. This report covers a period of twenty-one months.

	Number	Attendance
Sermons in Chapels	279	44,820
Sermons in Civilian Churches	20	2,126
Stockade Services	10	225
Addresses Before Civic Clubs	10	650
Welcome Addresses	41	29,000
Orientation Lectures	67	36,900
Sex Morality Lectures	38	21,575

Office Interviews		8,840
Personal Contacts		7,809
Marriage Ceremonies	45	
Baptisms	6	
Funerals	5	
Parades Participated in	12	
Relief Cases	700	
Hospital Visits	420	3,750
Rooms and apartments secured for soldiers' families	78	
New Testaments and Bibles Distributed	12,000	
Religious Publications Distributed	9,000	
Official Letters Written	13,000	
Official Letters & Telegrams Received	4,220	
Classes Attended, Harvard University and Elsewhere	234	

LECTURE ON SEX MORALITY

Fellow soldiers, it is a War Department regulation that I speak to you this morning on the moral aspects of sex hygiene. If I may say one word in this message that will help you to keep your lives clean, I will feel that my efforts have been well worth-while.

In the Army you will soon learn that we all work together as a unit. If you fail to take proper care of your physical body, the results will not only be tragic to you, but will vitally affect your comrades in the service, and will impede the war effort.

This nation is at war. That is the reason for your being here in uniform. In this hour of the world's tragedy your nation needs you, and it needs you at your best. Nothing less than your best is worthy of an American citizen.

I

Importance of Keeping Your Body Clean.

If you contract a venereal disease, you know what the penal-

ties are. Your Commanding Officer has explained to you that your pay stops, the fact is entered in your service record, and that record will follow you during your career in the army and throughout life.

If you contract a venereal disease be sure that your Medical Officer will find it out at the first inspection. You will be sent to the hospital immediately. After your fellow soldiers have been discharged from the army at the close of the war, you will have to remain in the service to make up every day you lost.

The tragic thing is that someone else will have to do your work while you are being cured of a disease you contracted while engaged in a sinful act. Do you want to shirk your duty to your country in an hour like this when we are fighting to save our way of life and preserve it for those who come after us?

II

There Are Those Who Expect the Very Best from You.

An old mother who went down into the Garden of Gethsemane and bathed her feet in tears to give you life, thinks you are the finest boy in all the world, and you are to her. Do you intend to break that faith with her? She has a right to expect the very best of you. Do you think you should disappoint that trust she has in you? Do you remember that scene which was enacted just a few short days ago, when she went with you as far as she could, kissed you good-bye, and breathed a prayer to the Heavenly Father that He would keep you safe and well and return you home, clean in soul, body and mind? She asked you to remember what your home training had been. So you propose to throw all caution to the wind, and spurn that advice given to you by one that loves you dearer than her own life?

III

There Is Another Who Is Tremendously Interested.

Remember the girl you left behind. She is a pure Christian young woman, whom you expect to marry one day. By way of illustration, let us imagine this conversation taking place between you and that fine girl: "Mary, I have been wanting to talk over a very important matter with you for a long time. I love you more than anyone else in this world. To me you are the only girl. Will you be my wife?"

And Mary replies something like this, "I love you, too, John, but do you remember Bill?" "Yes, I remember Bill. You were going with him when we first started going together; he was my rival." "Well," says Mary, "I have been going with him since I started going with you, and I love him also, certainly not as much as I love you, but I do love him lots. John, I am willing to accept your proposal under one condition and that is that you allow me to have at least two dates a week with Bill." Any of you with half sense would not be interested in a proposition like that. Yet, does it ever occur to you that the girl back home has the same right to expect you to live as clean a life as you expect of her. Are you willing to throw away the happiness of a life time for a few moments of fleeting pleasure?

IV

Some Day The War Will Be Over.

Some day the world will again be free. Some glad day you and I will plant our feet on the road that leads home. We will take up our lives again with those whom we love. We will walk down the streets of the old home town and behold floating in the breezes Old Glory as she waves. That flag that knows no taint of scandal, no spot of dishonor—it will wave again for all people of the earth as the symbol of freedom. Prince and Potentate know it, slave and serf understand it and to all its message has been the same—LIBERTY! When you and I see that grand old flag waving again, pride will surge through our very being in the fact that we had a part in keeping that flag there.

As we stand there holding in ours the hand of a little lad or lass, flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone, we will be glad that we went through mud, cold and rain, that we fought in the very jaws of death, to make this scene possible.

When we come back, let us come without regrets. You can never get away from self. We can move from a bad neighborhood, or a bad city. We can get away from a bad environment. We can shun those that we do not like, but we can never get away from ourselves. After we have retired at night, the lights turned off, and all the world shut out, we will still live in the halls of memory: we cannot shut out or blackout a bad conscience. It will follow us to the end of our lives. Let us be sure there are no scars upon our souls to haunt our memories. We will always have to live with ourselves. Someone has said: "Let us be good to the old man that is to be." May God help us to keep our lives clean and pure and He will do it.

ORIENTATION LECTURE

As each new recruit came into the army he was addressed by the Commanding Officer, by a representative of the Red Cross, and by the Chaplain. The following was one of the lectures this chaplain delivered to the men:

Fellow comrades, it is one of the happy pleasures afforded the Chaplain to speak to all of the men inducted into the service. We are here today amidst strange surroundings, and amongst new faces; you never passed this way before. Many questions come to your mind. Many times you are bewildered and do not know which way to turn for the answer; you have been sent from place to place, until at times your minds are confused, and you wonder what it is all about.

You are pondering in your own mind the question as to whether or not your government is justified in taking you away from your home, your job, and your loved-ones, putting you into the Army to sacrifice your time, and even if necessary your life for the nation that gave you birth. You are here be-

cause mad dogs are loose in the world. The battle flags have been unfurled, war dogs are snapping at each other's throats, death rides the high seas; death rains from the air; valleys and mountains belch forth their deadly fray. You have been called to the biggest job in the world, a job that is going to challenge your very best. Each and every one of us is interested in only one thing, and that, to get on with this war, get it over with, and get back home. War these days comes with a blitzkrieg-lightning in its strike. You men wear the uniform of the greatest army in the world. You have taken the oath as prescribed in Army regulations. You are now beginning your training to defend this nation of ours, and all that we hold sacred and dear. Like master craftsmen we must train for our job, and we want to make every moment of this count. For it is a definite fact, the better we are trained, the better we can serve our country, and the greater the chances of our coming back. Out on the drill field you are going to be observed by officers who are especially trained in evaluating your adaptability to the training program. Out there on the field you will acquire poise, you will learn to walk with your shoulders back and your head erect, able to look every man square in the eye. You have just seen the picture on the articles of war. The great lawgiver, Moses, had only ten. Will you allow us to make some definite suggestions that may be of help to you in your army career?

I

Often we heard a famous radio star quote these words: "If you don't write, you are wrong." Remember, there is an old couple back there in the home you left, and every day they look for a letter from you. Don't add to their worries and increase their loneliness by failing to write to them. Remember your pastor and Sunday School teacher back at the home church: don't forget them and don't let them forget you. Your church is interested in you and there will be a star placed on the serv-

ice flag and hung in a prominent place in that church for you. The prayers of your minister will follow you to the ends of the earth. Write to him. Then remember that friend of yours. He possibly lives next door, or he may live on the other side of town. Remember you went through high school together. He may be heartbroken that he could not pass the physical examination, or there may be other reasons why he was not inducted when you were. Write to him often!

II

You are wearing your country's uniform, a uniform that stands for something just as does the American flag. The best dressed man is now the one our Uncle Sam dresses. You would not take the American flag and trample it under your feet, neither should you go anywhere or do anything that would bring shame and reproach on your uniform. Respect and honor the uniform you are privileged to wear. Wear it as a proud soldier of your country. Keep it clean. Wear it nowhere that you would be ashamed for your mother to see you there.

III

Watch your personal appearance. Keep your fingernails well trimmed and clean. Keep your hair well-groomed, your shoes polished and your clothes spotless. In other words, keep shaved, shined, and pressed. Establish for yourself a reputation for neatness. Being slovenly-dressed is a reflection not only upon you, but upon the uniform you wear and what it represents. Clothes may not make the man but they certainly do help.

IV

Learn to obey constituted authority. Obey every command instantly, and without question. The Army is built on discipline and every member of it must learn that important fact. The Army functions through a chain of command, and in order for it to operate properly, it must have discipline. "It is not ours to reason why, it is ours to do or die." In the Army

we never hold grudges and we never talk back. This is a busy Army and no one has time to go around making others mad. After all, the very life of our nation is at stake, and the Army has the herculean task of winning this war in the quickest time possible, with the least loss of life. You as a soldier have been called to the colors in an hour such as this.

V

Do not drink or gamble. Most army castaways can trace the beginning of their downfall to the bottle and the gambling den. I have seen so many young men, who, in order to go along with the crowd, throw all caution to the wind and ruin their lives. A great man once said: "Liquor has drained more blood, hung more crepe, sold more homes, made more bankrupts, armed more villains, slain more children, snapped more wedding rings, twisted more limbs, dethroned more reason, wrecked more manhood, broken more hearts, blasted more lives, driven more to suicide, made more orphans, dug more graves, closed more churches, and sent more men to hell than any other poisonous scourge that ever swept its death-dealing waves across the world." How true his statement is. You cannot be a good soldier of your country, if you are addicted to liquor, and spend your time around the gambling table.

VI

Select your companions carefully. Many a fine young man has ruined his character and destroyed his soul by going with the wrong crowd. Be sure you know where the crowd is going and what demands it is going to make of you before you start with it.

Remember your home training and the advice given you by those who love you. It is so easy to drift into bad company, and then it is so hard to break away from the crowd. After it is too late, you find you have been influenced by others to throw away the character that you have been a lifetime trying to build up. Make friends with those who have ideals. You will be able

to find plenty of young men in the army with high ideals. Watch for "Spoilers" in the army. There are fine Christian girls everywhere. When you go into town on the week ends, attend the church of your choice and there you will find an opportunity to meet fine young people. You will be invited into Christian homes where you will meet the very finest people. Don't be seen in town with people of questionable character. Remember to treat the other man's sister as you would want him to treat yours.

VII

Build for yourself a good character. There may come a time when you will need your good character. In all of my experience in the Army, working with men, I have never yet been refused by a Commanding Officer any favor I have asked for a man when his character was good. On the other hand, I have had men come to me and ask that I help them get a furlough or a week-end pass, only to find upon calling their Company Commander that there were black marks on their record. Keep your record clean. You will need that good record.

SERMON

Subject: "AN UNCHANGING CHRIST IN A CHANGING WORLD."

Text: "Before the mountains were ever brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God." Psalm 90:2.

I. TOWERING O'ER THE WRECKS OF TIME.

One of the horrors of war is the devastation of beautiful buildings. If you and I were walking down the streets of London our eyes would be attracted to a building standing there alone, a building erected to the worship of God. Nothing remains for blocks around except this one building, St. Paul's Cathedral. The walls are blackened by the smoke of incendiary bombs. Two of Hitler's bombs made direct hits on the building, but it stands there alone as a silent sentinel, and

speaks to us a parable in enduring stone. Here in the heart of London stands this great Cathedral, the emblem of a people's faith. Inside, one soon forgets the complete devastation on the outside, and stands in awe and reverence before its sacred altars, its cross "towering o'er the wrecks of time." Men, women and little children still gather there to worship God, and to pray to our Heavenly Father that the day will soon dawn when war shall be no more, and when no longer this dreadful carnage shall be enacted.

Another scene is a pile of debris that bears testimony of another temple erected to the worship of God. All that stands there is one solitary wall. But what attracts attention of even the casually interested visitor is a bulletin board erected on the site where the church once stood before the Nazi planes came. This bulletin board with its message shouts to the passer-by as he reads these words, "This congregation is still worshipping God. Services will be held regularly in the garage across the street." Hitler can destroy buildings that were centuries in construction, but he can never destroy a people's faith in their God. The German blitz may destroy the church buildings, but they can never destroy the church, for the church is of God, founded upon the imperishable rock of eternal truth, and "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

In the constant changing of life's scenes, there are things that are eternal and changeless—the refuge of God's eternal love. In this world of sudden death, of wars, catastrophes, diseases and sorrows, there still remains a love that is as constant and changeless as a mother's love, a love that is the fairest flower that blooms in the garden of human experience. "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." I Corinthians 15:58.

II. THINGS WHICH ARE UNCHANGEABLE.

"Strengthen the things which remain." Revelation 3:2.

Many of the securities which people have held all through the ages, and which they thought were solid, are falling to pieces in these critical times. But there are eternal values that will remain, and can never go. We can depend on them as never-changing, just as we can predict the direction of the rising and setting of the sun. The timeless, everlasting, sustaining values of God will never change.

1. GOD'S LOVE

"I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus." No matter what happens, take refuge in the golden promise that God's love will remain as constant as a magnificent stabilizer.

Jesus came into the world to reveal His Father God as a great loving heavenly Father, but even after two thousand years of Christian enlightenment, the world has never caught up with the great teachings enunciated by Jesus, or we have been so busy with our own little trivial affairs, so busily occupied, we have had no time left for God. We have failed to grasp the great significance of why Jesus came into the world and died a felon's death.

With the nations of the earth at each other's throats, death appears in every conceivable form: stalking the earth, raining from the skies, dead bodies floating in the blood-soaked oceans, and sinking beneath icy waters.

Something is wrong with a world that will tolerate the flower of its young manhood in every generation being torn to shreds and blasted to bits by the gods of war. We have been so busy that we had to run our own little show leaving God out of all our planning, and now payday has come, and the currency used is the precious lives of our finest young men;

yea, even the lives of innocent women and little children are made to suffer a suffering that beggars description.

Have we learned any lessons of value from this war? It would seem from all outward appearances that we have not. Look at the drunken men reeling and staggering over this nation. Liquor that despoils the lives of men and women is offered for sale in drug stores, grocery stores, restaurants, filling stations, and even by the bootleggers in back alleys. Abraham Lincoln once said: "Liquor has defenders but no defense." Liquor debases, debauches, blights, damns, and wrecks human individuals, leaving in its wake suffering and sorrow that will drag its slimy trail down through the centuries to curse the generation yet unborn. Men who were created in the image of Almighty God spending their money for that which is not bread; for a poison which robs them of their character, ruins their souls, throwing them out on humanity's scrap heap to serve only one purpose; and that as a warning sign for others not to travel that road.

More members of the church are found on the golf courses on Sunday morning than are found in their pews. More in the Wednesday evening picture shows than are at prayer meeting. Many even forget the church and her world-wide mission.

Amidst all our Sabbath desecration, we have the audacity to affront God and ask Him to come to our rescue and save us before it is too late. We are in a deplorable condition.

When will America and the nations of the earth fall to their knees and ask God's forgiveness? Rather a dark picture but no darker than facts warrant. America, we love you. Come back to God before it is too late! God may be giving us our last opportunity to repent. Let us seize that golden opportunity before it is too late.

2. THE POWER OF PRAYER WILL NEVER CHANGE.

You have only to read the glorious rescue of the Rickenbacker party to realize the value of prayer. It was prayer, and

prayer only that saved the gallant crew. Prayer is the mightiest power in the world today. It is the one avenue that is always open to a Father's throne. The slogan of the Signal Corps of the United States Army is "Get the Message Through." So it is our business as Christians to get the message through. If we fail in this there is no other method. If there was ever a time when people who call themselves Christians should get down to business, that time is now. Shall we just take a nonchalant attitude toward the sick world in which we live, or shall we do something about it? I believe we will bestir ourselves before it is too late. You, as soldiers of your country, have been selected to do a great job. Your God is also expecting you to be a good soldier of His—"Behold your God."

3. JESUS CHRIST NEVER CHANGES.

He is the same yesterday, today, and forever. His truth remains, His divinity remains, despite the critics who have tried to rob him of his supernatural birth. Yes, He was the divine Son of God, a fact we must always remember, and the sooner we accept this great truth and stop debating about an indisputable fact the better all of us will be.

Either Jesus Christ is the Son of God as He claimed, or He is nothing, and we of all men are most miserable. Christ is God or He is nothing. He was born of a virgin, or He was one of the world's greatest impostors. He is divine or He is the greatest deceiver that ever lived. You can take your choice. As for me I accept Him as the divine Son of God, my Saviour, and the Saviour of all mankind.

His spotless character will never change, His teachings will never change, His message of salvation will never change. No force upon this earth will ever be able or powerful enough to overthrow Him. Long after the sun has gone down in the western sky, never to rise again, the life of Jesus will stand forever. Everything which He lived and taught will abide

forever. He will walk with manly tread down through the centuries "An Unchanging Christ in a Changing World."

While a student in the Chaplain's School at Harvard University, I had the privilege of visiting the Phillips Brooks' House. This great preacher said this about Jesus: "I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched and all the navies that ever were built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man upon the earth as powerfully as has that one solitary life, the life of Christ."

Our closing prayer this morning is Washington's Prayer for the Nation. Let us pray:

"Almighty God, we make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy holy protection, that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government, and entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow citizens of the United States at large.

"And finally that Thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion, and without an humble imitation in these things, we can never hope to be a happy nation.

"Grant our supplications, we beseech Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

FUNERAL SERVICE

The following is the ritual service used in the first funeral I conducted in the army.

PRIVATE JOSEPH V. LEACH

Organ Prelude

Corporal William Paul

Solo: "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere."

Mr. Homer F. Hess

Prayer: Chaplain Eades.

"O God, we thank Thee that Thy Providence abides with

us in all avenues of life. Wilt Thou cheer these lonely hearts with the comfort of Thy presence? Help us to realize that all things work together for good to them that love the Lord. Thy mercies flow in upon us in our joys and in our sorrows. Thou hast not withdrawn Thy love and care from us even in our hours of bereavement.

We pray Thy blessings upon the family left behind. We thank Thee for the life of this our fallen comrade. Green be the grass that cover his last resting place in God's acre. May the rains be gentle that fall upon the new made grave. Peace be to the family and receive O, God, the soul of this our brother unto Thyself for ever. Amen."

SCRIPTURE READING: "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as asleep: in the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth. For we are consumed by Thine anger, and by Thy wrath we are troubled. Thou hast set our iniquities before Thee, our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance. For all our days are passed away in Thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told. The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off and we fly away. Who knoweth the power of Thine anger? even according to Thy fear, so is Thy wrath. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent Thee concerning Thy servants. O satisfy us early with Thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Make us glad according to the days wherein

Thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil. Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants and Thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it." 90th Psalm. EULOGY: Chaplain Eades.

We have gathered here today to the sober strain of the funeral march to pay a tribute of respect to one of our comrades, a member of the Armed Forces of the Army of the United States.

Daily the flower of America's young manhood is being called to the colors. One by one they are marching away. Their tread is manly and strong. Many of them like our fallen brother have but begun the journey of life. We mourn today one who has halted by the wayside and fallen from our ranks. There will be many others who, no doubt, will find nameless graves. Yes, they are marching away, on and on the columns grow, larger and larger, until soon ten million will be on the road that leads to final victory.

Our dead are dead in name only: that great host of our loved ones will forever influence our thoughts, thrill our souls, and stir anew our noble impulses. Their lives and influence ever point us to higher goals of right and justice in a world torn with strife, war, and bloodshed.

Today we sit in the halls of memory, our minds travel back over just a few short years—the calendar says it has been many years—but to you who loved him so much, to you who cared for him in his infant days, to you who planted his feet on the road of righteousness, it seems only yesterday when you held the little bundle of possibilities in your arms and crooned your lullabies. Someday the last battle will have been fought, the freedom for which we fight that has to be purchased with such a great cost of tears, death and destruction, will be to us a sacred trust to be passed on to the generation yet unborn.

In our dreams down through the years we will see the battalions filing by long after the last battle has ended. The little white crosses, and their numbers are increasing daily, mark the last resting places of our sacred dead. Many of them will dot the landscape here in their own native land. Some sleep in Pearl Harbor, their bodies sweetly repose in Bataan; many sleep beneath the ocean's purple waters.

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our afflictions, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any affliction, through the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." 2 Corinthians 1:3-4.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change, and though the mountains be shaken into the heart of the seas. Be still, and know that I am God." Psalm 46:2;10.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth." Psalm 121:1-2.

"For this God is our God forever and ever: He will be our guide even unto death." Psalm 48:14.

"For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again; neither doth God take away life, but deviseth means, that he that is banished be not an outcast from Him." 2 Samuel 14:14.

"Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving kindness; according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I know my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me. Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned." Psalm 51:1-2.

“God will not change! The restless years may bring
Sunlight and shade—the glories of the spring,
The silent gloom of sunless winter hours;
Joy mixed with grief—sharp thorns with fragrant flowers.
Earth’s light may shine awhile and then grow dim,
But God is true! There is no change in Him!

Rest in the Lord today and all thy days,
Let His unerring hand direct thy ways
Through the uncertainty and hope and fear,
They meet thee on the threshold of the year,
And find while all life’s changing scenes pass by
Thy refuge in the love that cannot die.”

“My soul waiteth in silence for God only; from Him
cometh my salvation. He only is my rock and my salva-
tion.” Psalm 62:1.

“Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness or farewell,
When I embark.

For though from out our borne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.”

"Abide with me! fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me."

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." John 14:1-3.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Psalm 23:1-4.

Sometimes I walk in the shadow,
Sometimes in sunlight clear;
But whether in gloom or brightness,
The Lord is very near.

Sometimes I walk in the valley,
Sometimes on the mountain's crest;
But whether on low or highland,
The Lord is manifest.

Sometimes I walk in the desert,
Sometimes in waters cold;
But whether by sands or streamlets,
The Lord doth me enfold.

Sometimes I walk in green pastures,
Sometimes on barren land;
But whether in peace or danger,
The Lord holds fast my hand."

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth are passed away; and there was no more sea. And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of the throne saying, 'Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He shall dwell with them, and they shall be his people; and God himself shall be with them, and be their God; and He shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain any more, for the former things have passed away.'" Revelation 21:1-4.

"Some day the silver cord will break,
And I no more as now shall sing.
But O, the joy when I shall awake,
Within the palace of the king."

"Thou wilt keep *him* in perfect peace, *whose* mind is stayed *on thee*; because he trusteth in thee." Isaiah 26:3.

"Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." John 14:27.

"Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." Joshua 1:9.

CHAPTER SIX

The Chaplain as Counselor and Friend

The Chaplain's only arms in battle are those of faith and valor. He is not permitted by the terms of the Geneva Conventions to bear arms, yet on the field of battle he marches side by side with the troops. He is subject to the same dangers as any other members of the armed forces.

The greatest contribution the Chaplain can make is to be where he is needed most. He must be able to share with the men out of his own heart those great fundamental truths of God that bring courage, faith and hope to his comrades.

In World War I, Chaplains were often thought of, and treated, as mere fifth wheels in the great machine of war. They were called on for every conceivable type of duty. Be it said to their credit, they acquitted themselves well, and wrote a gallant page in the annals of history. More members of the Chaplains' Corps were killed in the last war in proportion to their numbers, than in any other branch.

In World War II, the status of the Chaplain was quite different. The function of the Chaplain is religious. Each chaplain is expected to be the spiritual leader and adviser of twelve hundred men.

The Chaplain carries no arms, issues no orders, salutes and returns salutes with a friendly, "How are you?" and strives to be a friend to officers and men alike. He has spent years in studying for his profession, and was chosen for the chaplaincy because he could meet certain rigid requirements.

Chaplains volunteered for service to the nation in the hour of its need because they felt they could be of some value to the cause for which this nation had dedicated its all.

The work of a Chaplain with the armed forces was closely analogous to that of a clergyman in civilian life. Of course, his work was modified by peculiar conditions in military life. Each Chaplain served the entire Command to which he was assigned. On the battlefield in the thick of the fight, whenever and wherever the enemy struck, the Chaplain could be found with his men. He was there counseling, encouraging, and comforting.

Chaplains conducted religious services for all the personnel of the unit with which he was working. The Army recognized the three main religious groups: Protestant, Catholic and Jewish. Each one of these groups did insofar as was possible, have its own Chaplain. In case there was no Chaplain of the religious faith of the dying soldier on the battlefield, the Chaplain present ministered the last rites to the dying soldier. He conducted suitable burial services for each religious group. Bullets fired from an enemy machine gun were not marked, Protestant, Catholic or Jewish. They maimed and killed all alike. I was no less a Protestant, neither was I less loyal to my own denomination because I ministered as a "Soldier of God" to those of other religions. On the battlefield and in the army camps scattered over America we were soldiers, first of all, fighting that we could continue the privilege of worshiping our God as we choose.

Reverend John Hurt of Virginia was the first Chaplain appointed in the United States Army. He was appointed to serve

the Command of General George Washington.

The duties of the Chaplain are definitely defined and set out according to Army Regulations. Chaplains are not available except in extreme emergencies for any assignment other than that of ministering religion to those assigned to their care.

Prior to our entry into the war there were only a few chapel buildings. Thanks to our Chief of Chaplains, Chaplain William R. Arnold, who worked so tirelessly, a Bill was passed by Congress appropriating \$13,000,000.00 for the erection of six hundred and four chapels. Since that time many hundreds more were built. At one time we had approximately one thousand chapels in our camps.

When your son, husband, father or sweetheart left his home to enter the Army, he came into a strange environment. Home, loved ones, and friends were left behind. But he found one institution in every army camp with which he was well acquainted, and that was the church, the one institution with its minister in uniform, ready to go with him wherever he went.

A new world awaited the soldier. The army life is a regimented life; we live under strict discipline. The Army must insist on discipline being kept at all times. Without discipline an army would be nothing more than a uniformed mob. The better disciplined soldier had a much greater chance of coming back. General John J. Pershing sent this message to America from France during the last war: "Send me men who can shoot and salute." A snappy salute is the sign of good breeding in a soldier.

The new soldier was thrown in with all kinds of people, some well worth knowing, others like the spring zephyrs. They were like words written in the sand by the sea shore, their impression upon us shifted as the winds that blew, and the memory of them was soon forgotten.

The soldier quickly became accustomed to the various bugle calls. He soon learned reveille, retreat, mess call, call to quarters, and many others. He was spending his first Sunday in an army camp and he heard a new bugle call. It was church call. This call was sounded thirty minutes before time for chapel services. The new soldier found that a higher percentage of men attended services in the Army than did in civilian life. But now he was on his own. There was no mother, wife or sister to urge him to go to church. He attended the chapel services, or he was free not to attend. It was not compulsory that he attend divine worship. The real soldier did attend. He remembered the religious principles instilled and inculcated into his life by godly parents. An Army man could live just as good a Christian life and stay just as close to his God as he could in civilian life. After all a uniform did not change human nature very much.

The welfare and contentment of the soldier was one of the first responsibilities of the Commanding Officer. In addition to the Chaplain there were a number of other officers on the post who devoted their entire time to the welfare of the men. We had our morale officers, public relation officers, recreational and other officers who were especially trained in the work of helping to make the soldier's life more pleasant.

The Company Commander, commonly referred to by the enlisted men as "the old man," was tremendously interested in the welfare of his men. It was his responsibility to see that the men were well-trained, well-fed, and well-housed. He saw to it that they had proper medical attention when they were sick. He had the double role of being both father and mother to the men of his company. The men loved and respected him. They knew that he was exacting and that he expected the very best out of each man, yet they also knew that he was fair. He would go all the way for his men. He did not eat until he knew they had been fed. He did not retire at night until he

knew that each man had been bedded down. I want to take this opportunity to pay tribute to our Company Commanders. They were a hard-worked group of men. Upon their shoulders rested heavy responsibilities.

Each camp had its theaters, bringing to the men the very latest and best pictures at a small admission price. U.S.O. shows made tours of the camps and brought the men wholesome entertainment. With only one or two exceptions the shows I had attended were fine. The actors' and actresses' visits to our camps meant a lot to the morale of the soldiers. The shows served as an impetus to bolster up morale, and morale is an important factor in a soldier's life. An army without morale, regardless of its technical training, is a defeated army. It is morale that makes a good army.

The American soldier is the best-fed, -clothed, the highest-paid soldier in the world today.

Nothing was too good for the men who gave their lives for us. Once, I stood and looked out over the broad expanse of the Pacific Ocean. While standing there watching the waves beat against the shores, this thought occurred to me: "Out there today some one has died for me. Am I worth dying for?"

Post Exchanges (PX to the army man), were located in each camp. They sold items of need to the soldier at a very small profit. (The profits from the Post Exchanges all go back to the soldier in the form of recreational funds.) From time to time the Post Exchange Council made a donation to the Chaplain's Fund. All the profits were to be used solely for the welfare, comfort and entertainment of the soldier. One year during my time the Post Exchanges did over four million dollars' worth of business.

Many cities and towns near army camps had their U.S.O. Clubs. These were known as the "Soldier's home away from home." Here the soldier in his off-duty hours could spend his time in wholesome and profitable recreation. Many facilities

were offered our soldiers. He could make radio recordings, use their telephone service to make long distance calls home. He could take a bath, or press his clothes. Many other conveniences were offered him there. He could meet fine Christian young women.

Churches were very coöperative with the Chaplains in making it possible for the soldier to visit in the homes of the church membership. Only eternity can ever reveal what it meant to a homesick soldier to be able to visit in a Christian home.

On the post could be found a Red Cross Chapter, consisting of the Field Director and his staff. It was to the Red Cross that the Chaplain could always go and find a friend willing to help in solving many of the soldier's problems.

The Red Cross makes loans to soldiers going home on emergency furloughs. A soldier's wife moves into the nearest town to the camp. She has made a long trip and arrives at her destination financially embarrassed. The Red Cross through its Home Service Department helps in the way of groceries, rent and incidental expenses. A member of the soldier's family is taken suddenly ill back at home; medical attention must be given at once. There is no money. Again the Red Cross steps in and takes care of the situation.

We also had in every camp a fraternal organization known as Army Emergency Relief. This organization lent money without interest to those in need. The Army took care of its own. The writer was Army Emergency Relief Officer in the Command he served, and was able to give financial assistance to scores in distress. A soldier received a telegram that his father had died in an eastern state. In order for him to get there in time for the funeral, it was necessary for him to travel by plane. Army Emergency Relief made him a loan, secured him a reservation on an eastbound plane. Another soldier received a telegram that his wife was in a serious condition. The

attending physician stated that the soldier's presence was needed at home immediately. We got a Number Four Priority on a plane, wrote him a check for the plane fare, and incidental expenses, called the Company Commander and got him an emergency furlough and hurried him to the bedside of his wife. Later a letter came to us from the grateful wife. These experiences were multiplied over and over again in the course of a week's time.

One of the very important responsibilities of the Chaplain is for the morale of the men. Here the Chaplain can be of invaluable aid, both to the individual soldier and to the Army. One soldier said to his Chaplain: "Come around often, Chaplain, even if you do not say a word. That cross on your collar reminds me of all that I want and hope to be."

Ever so often we received letters from anxious parents wondering why a soldier did not write. When we received this kind of letter, we called the company and had the soldier report to our office. The excuse was usually: "I never have time to write." No one knew better than a Chaplain how busy the men were, but he knew also that they did have time to write home, certainly at least once a week. I usually said to the soldier: "Here is a sheet of paper, and here is a pen. Now you pull up a chair to the desk and I am going to write your parents, and in that way we will both write them." This always got results. The soldier was usually ashamed that he had worried his parents, and promised his Chaplain that in the future he would be more prompt in writing.

If you—families of our present peace-time soldiers—do not hear from your loved-one away in an army camp, write to the Chaplain of the regiment, battalion, ship, or post to which the soldier is assigned. You do not even need to know the Chaplain's name, just use the same address you would in writing to your son. The Chaplain will respond immediately and hunt up your loved-one and write you back as to how he is getting

along. This is a part of the Chaplain's work, and he is always so happy to be able to relieve the fears and worries of the loved-ones back at home.

The Chaplain had a great opportunity to be of service to the men in the hospital. Oftentimes he wrote their letters for them, procured toilet articles for them, and saw to it that each patient had a Testament and good wholesome literature to read. He would meet the family of the patient and stand by ready to render any service possible. Services, both Protestant and Catholic, were held in the hospital each Sunday.

Chaplains held services for the prisoners confined to the post stockade. He tried to bring a message dealing with sin to these men. He stressed the fact that "The way of the transgressor is hard." After service the Chaplain would give each prisoner an opportunity to talk to him about any problem that he might have. We were able to do some real constructive counseling with these unfortunate men. We saw cases that broke our hearts. We did try in every way possible to be a Christian friend and brother to these unfortunates. Be it said to the credit of the American soldier that a comparatively few got into trouble and had to be put in the stockade.

In the civilian pastorate, if we wanted to see one of our parishioners, it was necessary to go to their homes or places of business, but in the Army the soldier would come to the Chaplain's office to see him. On an average I found that the number coming for interviews was about fifty a day. These men had all kinds of problems. The Chaplain never attached blame, but tried to point out the solution to the problem. He always would give a spiritual emphasis to his counseling. The American soldier had the utmost confidence in his Chaplain and was willing to abide by his advice.

Chaplains were called upon to try to straighten out marital difficulties. Often just a letter to the wife back at home telling her that her soldier husband still loved her, and appealing to

her to do her part in making the marriage a success even in those trying times, was sufficient to save a number of marriages from going on the rocks. We felt that a number of home had been kept together, hearts made to beat with happiness again because we had been the go-between in a number of cases that might otherwise have been tragic. So many times the wife had come to visit her husband in camp and we had had the opportunity to talk to them together. Many couples thanked us for helping them to see their duty to each other and promised us that never again would anything come between them.

This Chaplain believes that when a couple stand before the altar of God and take the vow, "until death do us part," that this is a sacred vow and should be kept. When young people take the marriage vows more seriously, divorce will be a thing of the past.

The following cases were selected as representative of the interviews between Chaplain and soldier. I have tried as nearly as possible to reconstruct the exact conversations.

Private A: "Chaplain, I have a problem and I believe you can advise me what to do. I have just received this telegram from my home in Texas notifying me of my mother's death. I am in my basic training, and it is so far home. I want you to tell me whether or not I should try to go." I asked him how long it had been since he had seen his mother, and he said about two months. I called the railroad station and the bus lines and found that it would take him about four days to make the trip home. I said this to the soldier: "I am going to advise you what I think is best under the circumstances, and yet if our positions were reversed, I am not sure that I could follow this advice. I am going to suggest that you try to remember your mother as you saw her two months ago. Write to your father and your two sisters; I am sure they will understand." He looked at me with tears in his eyes and said: "Chaplain, I was hoping you

would so advise. I will write to my father and tell him that it is such a long trip and the funeral would be over before I could reach home and that my Chaplain agreed with me that it was best for me not to try to come home now." With an effort, trying to control my own emotions, I said to him: "I wish that all men in the army were like you, God bless you my boy." We had a word of prayer together and a brave American lad went back to his work.

Private B: A soldier came in with a letter from his wife. Her father in a drunken rage had driven her from home. She had nowhere to go. The soldier was worried and did not know what to do. His wife and two children were homeless and dependent on the kindness of neighbors for a place to stay until he could make arrangements. Chaplain called the Red Cross Chapter in the soldier's home town. The Red Cross investigated and informed us that they would take charge of the case and see that aid would be given immediately and that the wife and two children would have a place to live. (Chaplains always know that if they call the Red Cross, they will get results immediately.) When we called the soldier to our office and told him the good news, he said: "Thank you, Chaplain, and won't you thank the Red Cross for taking care of my family."

Private C: His wife boarded a bus in her home town almost a week ago; should have arrived here two days ago; he has had no word and is really worried. It is Sunday afternoon. All day long the soldier has been trying to get through by long distance to his home to see if he can get any information. To add to his worries he is to be shipped out the next day. His wife will arrive, he is afraid, after he is gone. Can the Chaplain do anything to help him? Yes, he can. He calls the Red Cross and they in turn contact the Traveler's Aid. They will meet all buses, and have the soldier's wife call the Chaplain's office as soon as she arrives. In about an hour the soldier's wife calls

that she had been in town since yesterday, but did not know how to get in touch with her husband. The Chaplain was able to tell the soldier his wife had arrived safely, thus making another couple happy.

Private D: His wife must have an emergency operation. She is living in town near the camp. Chaplain calls the attending physician and verifies the soldier's statement. The doctor says his bill will be approximately fifty dollars. The Red Cross gladly consents to pay the doctor's bill. The hospital bill will be one-hundred and fifty dollars. Army Emergency Relief will pay the hospital bill. The soldier's wife has her operation and is now on the road to recovery.

Private E: He has a crippled knee and is afraid that he is going to be given a discharge from the army. He wants to stay in the army and do his part for his country. Chaplain called one of the medical officers and explained the case to him. Doctor says he will be glad to examine the soldier and do whatever he can for him. Both the Medical Officer and the Chaplain complimented the soldier on his fine patriotic spirit.

Private F: He stated that he had fainting spells. "I just pass out." His Commanding Officer told us over the telephone that he made an honest effort to do his work and he was sure the soldier was not "gold-bricking." He said for the soldier to go on "Sick Call." Chaplain called the Medical Officer and acquainted him with the circumstances in the case. He promised that action would be taken immediately in this case. The soldier left our office feeling that everything was working out all right.

Private G: He wished to know about government providing hospitalization for his wife who was an expectant mother. She lived near the camp. Chaplain told the soldier that Army Emergency Relief would take care of the expenses in case the State Welfare Agency did not.

Private H: His wife had been living in town near camp. On Thursday evening when he arrived home he found a note from his wife stating she was leaving him and going back to her home. He got a week-end pass and drove home Saturday evening. He went to the home of her parents but found she had not arrived home. Soldier did not know any reason why his wife should leave him. He notified the police and he had searched everywhere for her. Chaplain called the Red Cross and asked them to investigate. The Red Cross reported back that the soldier had been untrue to his wife and that was the reason she had left. Sorry, that there was nothing further the Chaplain could do.

Private I: He wanted to know if he could make an allotment to both his wife and mother. He wanted to know if the amount his mother would receive would be deducted from his wife's allotment. Chaplain called the allotment and pay section and was told that if his mother had been wholly dependent on him for support, she would receive thirty dollars a month and he would have five dollars a month taken out of his pay. His mother's allotment would in no way change the amount his wife was receiving.

Private J: He was red-lined (not present to sign pay roll). He was broke, needed money for incidental expenses until paid. Called Red Cross and they made him a small loan to tide him over until pay day.

Corporal K. He had a furlough granted him this morning. He does not have enough money for train fare home. He states he has the money at home, but his furlough time has already started. He does not wish to lose any more time. It would take a few hours to have his money wired to him. He wants to catch the next train so that he can spend as much time at home as possible. He needs twenty-five dollars and can repay it when he returns. The Chaplain who is Army Emergency Re-

lief Officer writes him a check, and a happy soldier starts on his way home.

Corporal K: He had a letter from his wife that she was coming here to live while he is in this camp. He wants to find a bedroom and kitchenette for around thirty dollars a month.

Private L: The Red Cross Field Director brought this soldier and his wife to the Chaplain's office. The wife's mother died suddenly. She is not well and cannot travel alone. Company Commander agrees to give him a furlough. The Red Cross lends them the money for the train fare. The soldier's wife tells us that she is going to stay at home and take care of some smaller brothers and sisters. But in a few days they come back, bringing a small child with them. The soldier learns that he is to be shipped out the next day. His wife stays here, tries to work, but is unable to do so. She has already had a number of operations and now must go back to the hospital for another. She cannot take care of a small sister and meet her expenses on the amount she receives. Chaplain gets her a place to live. Later the soldier does get a furlough and comes back here after his wife. A very sad situation.

Private M: This soldier had a girl in trouble. His Commanding Officer called us to see if we can get the battalion to give him a three-day pass so that he could go back home and marry the unfortunate girl. The battalion Commander approved the pass.

Private N: This soldier came to see the Chaplain. He had a letter from an attorney back in his home town, enclosing divorce papers for him to sign and return immediately. He wanted to know what he should do. Chaplain advised him not to sign the papers until he had written to his wife. We wrote her and got them reconciled. We talked to them impressing upon them the sacredness of the marriage vows. They are now happy together. The Chaplain as a soldier of God has been

able in a small way to bring a little more sunshine into troubled hearts.

Private C: This soldier had a letter yesterday from his eighty-year-old father. The father had a large farm and was dependent on his son to run the farm. The father wants to know if his son can be discharged from the army to take care of the farm. Chaplain advised the soldier to have his father make an affidavit as to his condition, the size of the farm, etc. Also have the father secure affidavits from the county agricultural agent, 1943 Farm Plan work-sheet for Maximum War Production, and two affidavits from disinterested neighbors who know the conditions back at home.

The following article which appeared in an army camp paper gives a graphic picture of one of the many problems chaplains were called upon to solve.

CHAPLAIN AIDS BIG FAMILY

Traveling halfway across the continent is no mean accomplishment in these days of congested conveyance, but when you add the handicap of nine children, the feat becomes almost miraculous.

Private Elwood Wheatley, Company N, his wife and nine children, and Camp Kohler's Chaplain, P. A. Eades, were the principals in a human interest drama last week—with the whole West Coast as a stage.

The fact that the Wheatleys employed no covered wagons or hand carts in their pilgrimage to papa, from Hazen, Arkansas, to Sacramento, detracts not a bit from the pioneering spirit of their adventure.

Inducted last November, Wheatley (he gets kidded about his "cereal" number) spent two months at Camp Robinson, Arkansas, then came to Kohler. He admonished his family to "stay put" on their little farm near Hazen, but a few days ago, he received word that they were packed and headed west.

"Don't discourage me, Chaplain," he pleaded, as he excitedly told Chaplain Eades the story. "Everything will turn out fine."

Chaplain Eades wasn't sure, but he went right to work.

Surprisingly he found a vacant house near McClellan Field, unfurnished. The job of rounding up beds, furniture, blankets, cooking utensils and dishes was nearly completed when word was received that Mrs. Wheatley and her brood had been put off the train in Los Angeles.

The Los Angeles traffic agent responded graciously to Chaplain Eades' urgent request that the family be entrained at once. Taking Wheatley with him, the Chaplain went to meet the train. At the station they found newspaper reporters already awaiting the arrival and even the red caps talking excitedly about the surprising family about to disembark.

But not a Wheatley showed up.

A check-up revealed that the family had gone to Antioch, California, instead, where some relatives lived. Chaplain Eades got in touch with the police chief there and the ten Wheatleys were on their way to Sacramento in short order.

Meanwhile, the house was nearly furnished, some furniture having been moved from another house, other items purchased second-hand, and considerable equipment donated, including a set of dishes by the Chaplain.

When the bus bearing the Wheatleys arrived in Sacramento, the youngsters were lined up inside, their noses pasted against the windows, bright eyes searching the crowd for "daddy." As they came cascading out of the bus into the arms of the Chaplain and their father, they were bundled into a Red Cross station wagon and the Chaplain's car, and whisked away to their new home.

The house is crowded with half a dozen single and double beds, but all hands pitch in to do the housework, and all come

racing out to meet their father when he comes home for a few hours after retreat.

The youngsters, ranging from one to sixteen years, are as healthy as they are happy.

"They've never had a drop of medicine in their lives," boasts Wheatley.

Worried about the food problem, Mrs. Wheatley packed enough food for the entire trip before they left the farm. The rations expired one day before their arrival.

"We'd have had plenty if we hadn't been held up a day in Los Angeles," they pointed out.

Entranced with California, they hope they'll be able to stay a while. Wheatley, of course, is happy to have them near him.

"They won't be taking any boat trips, though," he declares.

Soldiers in ever increasing numbers who were being shipped out came to the Chaplain's office. They came to tell the Chaplain good-bye and to thank him for what he had been able to do for them. Often he went with them to the railroad station, and breathed a prayer that God would be with them and bring them back to their loved ones.

Thus the Chaplain carries on, ever faithful to his task, praying, working, trying to help every soldier he can, looking forward to that day when all wars shall be no more.

THE END

